

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WITH A VIEW OF THE RAPIDS NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CEDARS.

FROM GEMS OF MOORE.

MOORE says: "I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage."

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

The above Stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "General History of the Fur Trade," prefixed to his Journal.

From the Athenæum.

FATHER CHANGE.

BY ALLEN PARK PATON.

There passed down the Lane of Life —
Lane irregular and narrow, —
An Ancient Fellow, eagle-beaked,
Trundling such a barrow!
Heaped and heaped, and over-heaped,
Never was a load so motley,
Thus he kept exclaiming still,
Heaped however hotly —
"Deaths and weddings! deaths and weddings!
Useless old things ta'en for new!
Something here for everybody!
Passing through!"

"Be in time, now! be in time!
Here you have all sorts of things!
School-bags, business, gains and losses;
Dolls, and marriage-rings;
Bride-cakes, coffins; cradles, crutches;
Gaiety and sadness;
Health and riches, want and weakness,
Reason, — aye, and madness.
Rags and velvets! crusts and banquets!
Hobby-horses not a few!
Now's your time for making bargains,
Passing through!"

Sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly,
Ever surely he progressed;

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Never, for a single moment,
In a state of rest.
Glancing upward, glancing downward,
Backward, forward, round and round.
Now he howled and now he chuckled,
Smiled, by turns, and frowned.
"Deaths and weddings! deaths and weddings!
Useless old things ta'en for new!
Something here for everybody!
Passing through!"

Out they came, the silly people;
Out, by windows and by doors;
O'er the roofs, up from the cellars,
Scores succeeding scores.
Open-mouthed and open-handed,
Eager all for something strange.
Pushing, sideling; bold and timid;
To old FATHER CHANGE.
"Deaths and weddings! shrouds and chaplets!
Lots of notions, false and true;
Fame!" — he bawled this to the garrets —
"Passing through!"

Children, bringing hoops and marbles,
Careless words and merry looks,
Held them up, receiving for them
Knitted brows and books.
Youths, to purchase learning's honor,
Brought a load of midnight hours,
Ruddy cheeks, and social pleasures,
Open air, and flowers.
"Education! application!"

Thoughts above the common crew !
Hollow chests and heavy foreheads !
Passing through !"

Maidens brought familiar features,
Old affections, tried and strong,
Lightest bosoms, gay companions,
Merry Dance and Song,
For a heart and hand untested,
For a very world of cares,
New relations, new pursuits, and
Most experienced airs !
"Bridal dresses ! splashed postillions !
Caps and keys — and curses too ;
Be, like others, wives and mothers,
Passing through !"

Gazing on the silver clouds,
Solemnly, at times, there came
Light-eyed, open-bosomed youths,
Who sought a Poet's Name.
"Here are pearls of thought," they said,
Gathered by the lonely way
Which the great of earth have trodden, —
We would be as they."
"Amber dreams, and murky wakings !
Laurel ! — only after Yew !
Quickened sense for joy and sorrow !
Passing through !"

And even so, — Heaven bless their wisdom !
All, whate'er they were before,
Would be something else ; — whatever
Had, would still have more.
Babes and dotards, clowns and monarchs, —
Out they come for something strange,
Fearing, hoping, straight and groping,
To old FATHER CHANGE !
"Deaths and weddings ! deaths and weddings !
Useless old things ta'en for new !
Something here for everybody !
Passing through !"

At an open attic casement,
A Philosopher, who heard
All the bustle, smiled profoundly
As he stroked his beard.
"Crowding out about Him," quoth he,
"Twill be long e'er I go there." —
As he spoke he heard a Step
And Voice upon his stair, —
"Deaths and weddings ! deaths and weddings !
Useless old things ta'en for new !
Something here for everybody !
Passing through."

FROST PICTURES.

When, like a sullen exile driven forth,
Southward, December drags his icy chain,
He graves fair pictures of his native North
On the crisp window-pane.

So some pale captive blurs with lips unshorn
The latticed glass, and shapes rude outlines
there,
With listless finger, and a look forlorn,
Cheating his dull despair.

The fairy fragments of some Arctic scene
I see to-night ; blank wastes of polar snow,
Ice-laden boughs, and feathery pines, that lean
Over ravines below.

Black frozen lakes and icy peaks blown bare,
Break the white surface of the crusted pane ;
And spear-like leaves, long ferns, and blossoms
fair,
Linked in silvery chain.

Draw me, I pray thee, by this slender thread ;
Fancy, thou sorceress, bending vision wrought
O'er that dim well perpetually fed
By the clear springs of thought !

Northward I turn, and tread those dreary strands,
Lakes where the wild-fowl breed, the swan
abides ;
Shores where the white fox, burrowing in the
sands,
Harks to the droning tides.

And sees where, drifting on a raft of ice,
The she-bear rears her young, and cliffs so
high,
The dark-wing'd birds that emulate their rise,
Melt through the pale blue sky.

There, all night long, with far-diverging rays,
And stalking shades, the red Aurora's glow ;
From the keen heaven, meek suns with pallid
blaze
Light up the Arctic snow.

Guide me, I pray, along those waves remote,
That deep untartled from its primal rest ;
Some errant sail, the fisher's lone light boat,
Borne waif-like on its breast !

Lead me, I pray, where never shallop's keel
Breaks the dull ripples throbbing to their
caves ;
Where the mail'd glacier with his armed heel
Spurs the resisting waves !

Paint me, I pray, the phantom hosts that hold
Celestial tourneys when the midnight calls ;
On airy steeds, with lances bright and bold,
Storming her ancient halls !

Yet, while I look, the magic picture fades ;
Melts the bright tracery from the frosted pane ;
Trees, vales, and cliffs, in sparkling snows ar-
ray'd,
Dissolve in silvery rain.

Without, the day's pale glories sink and swell ;
Over the black rise of yon wooded height
The moon's thin crescent, like a stranded shell,
Left on the shores of night.

Hark ! how the north wind, with a hasty hand,
Rattling my casement, frames his mystic
rhyme.

Rouse thee, rude minstrel, chanting through the
land
Tunes of the olden time !

Transcript.

From London Quarterly Review—a new work.

1. *The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., L. L. D. Third Edition, with Notes by the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Esq., and Remarks on the Life and Character of John Wesley, by the late ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq. Edited by the REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M. A., Curate of Cockermouth. Two Vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1846.
2. *Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, and Founder of the Methodist Societies.* To which is added, *Observations on Southey's Life of Wesley.* By RICHARD WATSON. London: Mason.
3. *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.* In which are included, *The Life of his Brother, the Rev. Charles Wesley, A. M., Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Memoirs of their Family; Comprehending an Account of the great Revival of Religion in which they were the first and chief Instruments.* By the REV. HENRY MOORE, only surviving Trustee of Mr. Wesley's MSS. London, 1824.
4. *Wesley, and Methodism.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. London: Longman and Co. 1851.
5. *An Apology for Wesley, and Methodism, in Reply to the Misrepresentations of Isaac Taylor and the North British Review.* By the REV. R. M. MACBRAIR, M. A. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1852.
6. *Wesley the Worthy, and Wesley the Catholic.* By REV. O. T. DOBBIN, LL. D., Trinity College, Dublin. With Introduction by REV. W. ARTHUR, M. A. London: Ward and Co.

At the opening of the eighteenth century, the religious state of England was lower perhaps than ever previously or since. Many periods of church-history have been ruder, but none more barren and unlovely. Of the general manners of an earlier epoch,—namely, the Restoration,—Mr. Macaulay has drawn a faithful and unfavorable picture. With features of the picturesque that make it a suitable era for the choice of a novelist, it bears strong marks of moral and social degradation. But the period of the Restoration had some religious advantages denied to the two next succeeding generations. The profligate reaction of the restored King's reign affected chiefly the Court and the Cavaliers, who gladly escaped from the compulsory austerities of the Commonwealth; while the body of the people were still sincerely, if also somewhat gloomily, disposed to piety. Moreover, the age of great Preachers was not wholly gone by; for such the despised Puri-

tans emphatically were,—faithful, earnest, and devout, even more than eloquent or learned; “mighty in Scripture,” and furnishing themselves diligently out of that inexhaustible armory and treasury. The effects of this able and zealous ministry—exercised for the most part on the lower and middle classes of society—were still largely felt among the people. The polished but unpointed sermons of the episcopal Clergy could not so rivet the attention or transfix the heart; assent to the evangelical doctrines of the Prayer-Book was a matter of course, rather than of positive conviction and belief; and the sermon, which should have urged them upon the mind and conscience, was commonly more cold and formal than the reading of the Liturgy itself, but neither so scriptural nor so personal in its character. The Puritan and Nonconformist, on the other hand, preached from a full heart as well as from a furnished head, and reasoned, like Paul, “of righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come.” But, when the eighteenth century had commenced, a general lull of religious feeling appears to have come upon all the Churches in the land, Dissenting as well as national. If another Echard had chosen to write, at this time, “of the Grounds of the Contempt of the Clergy,” they must have been pronounced moral rather than physical, furnishing less matter for the humorous satirist, but prompting a severer note of warning and rebuke. A few eminent examples of the opposite condition occur to us as exceptions to this very general rule,—burning and shining lights, made more conspicuous by the surrounding darkness, and faintly indicating the wide out-lying danger. The faithful few are loud in their lamentations over the degenerate Church. How the flocks of the national folds were fed and guarded, may be partly surmised from the character of their Pastors; and the character of their Pastors may be fairly gathered from the lips of their Bishops. “Our Ember Weeks,” says Bishop Burnet, “are the burden and grief of my life. The much greater part of those who come to be ordained are ignorant, to a degree not to be apprehended by those who are not obliged to know it. The easiest part of knowledge is that to which they are greatest strangers; I mean, the plainest part of the Scriptures, which they say, in excuse for their ignorance, that their tutors in the Universities never mentioned the reading of to them; so that they can give no account, or at least a very imperfect one, of the contents even of the Gospels. Those who have read some few books, yet never seem to have read the Scriptures. Many cannot give a tolerable account even of the Catechism itself, how short and plain soever. They cry, and think it a sad disgrace, to be denied orders, though the

ignorance of some is such, that, in a well-regulated state of things, they would appear not knowing enough to be admitted to the holy sacrament." * Now, if these were conscientiously rejected by the good Bishop, those only one shade better were certainly admitted to orders, and charged with a cure of souls. And, if such was the spiritual darkness of those who ministered the word of truth to the people, how should these latter, forming the great bulk and body of the Church, be themselves "light in the Lord?" As in the Establishment, so also in the Dissenting Churches: with them, too, piety and usefulness had come to be the remarkable exception. Some had lapsed into the Socinian heresy; others were fallen in a state of torpor. If the candlestick was not yet removed out of its place, it cast a reproachful light over congregations of professors who had lost their first love, and were "neither hot nor cold" in the service and worship of God. The decay of practical religion is sorely lamented by the devout few, who distinguish the Nonconformist party of that day. In general, it is somewhat unfair—especially for the purpose of comparison and depreciation—to draw our estimate of the piety of a Church from the humbling admissions of its best and holiest members; for the standard of such men is unusually high, and their sense of error and shortcoming unusually acute. With them the tender conscience seems charged with all the conduct of the Church; and with jealous eyes, as over their own souls, they closely mark and grievously deplore its sins, whether of action or defect. But, at the period of which we speak, the testimonies are too many, too uniform, and too distinct, to allow us to doubt of the degeneracy of the voluntary Churches, as being common to them with that of the Church by law established. Dr. Isaac Watts admits it for his own, as he fears it is a confession due also from other bodies. "It is," says he, "a general matter of mournful observation among all that lay the cause of God to heart; and therefore it cannot be thought amiss for every one to use all just and proper efforts for the recovery of dying religion in the world." †

But was not the Church characterized by orthodoxy and morality? This is sometimes asked, as though all that sober Christians can require were necessarily included in those two words. Yet, granting (what is not wholly beyond dispute) that the Church was entitled to this praise, it could not have long remained so, while destitute of the animating principle of evangelical and practical godliness; for both

sound morality and scriptural orthodoxy are incapable of engrafture either on the natural heart or on unreformed society; and a general state of formality and irreligion is soon followed by infidelity in the more educated classes. So it was at this time. The deism of Chubb, Toland, and other literary oracles, already so fashionable with those who were desirous of being esteemed learned and intellectual, began seriously to affect the Church itself. The ignorance which Bishop Burnet so feelingly laments was no bar to the expression of a clerical scoff at Christianity. The highest dignitaries and the obscurest of country Parsons were equally indifferent or contemptuous; and both humility and gratitude too often failed to keep silent either the starving Curate or the wealthy pluralist. Even the Universities—the very mirrors of orthodox example to the Church, and the fountain-heads of all her piety and teaching—were insidiously corrupted with the spirit of scepticism, and threatened to betray the whole land into the power of a faithless ministry. At Oxford, these principles increased so rapidly, that alarm was suddenly taken; and the Vice-Chancellor, with the consent of the Heads of Houses and Proctors, issued a *Programma*, in which this danger was exposed and deprecated; and the Tutors of each College and Hall were urged to "discharge their duty by a double diligence, by instructing their respective pupils in their Christian duty, as also by explaining to them the 'Articles of Religion' which they professed, and were often called upon to subscribe, and by recommending to them the frequent and careful reading of the Scriptures, and of such other books as might serve more effectually to promote Christianity, sound principles and orthodox faith." Even in the adoption of this cautionary measure, so due to the character of the University and the claims of religion, all in authority were not agreed; and the Dean of Christ-Church would not suffer this *Programma* to be put up in the hall of his College.

Such was the disheartening state of the English Church in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. But a change was close at hand. There is a mysterious alternation of light and darkness in the moral world; and, when the night is deepest, the dawn is nearest. And now the watchmen, who slumbered at their post, were to be awakened by the beams of morning. There are seasons in the economy of grace, as well as in that of nature; and to the Christian, as well as to the poet, it is given to "rejoice in hope: *When winter comes can spring be far behind?*" And so it was at this dreary period. Night and winter had both seized upon the Church. Like a frosted landscape glimmering in the moonlight, it caught and reflected rather the

* See Preface to *Essay on the Pastoral Care*. 1713.

† See Preface to *An Humble Attempt towards the Revival of Practical Religion*. 1735.

secondary than the primary truths of Christianity, and wore its intellectual rather than its spiritual aspect. Its articles of faith were trees, symmetrical but bare, with sap at their roots, but no green foliage on their boughs, loaded with curious hoar-frost, and not bowed down with fruit. Its means of grace were to multitudes only as ice-bound channels: no longer living streams, they waited the advent of the heavenly day-spring to melt their formal fetters, and send them sparkling and singing over renovated plans.

The first to hail the coming breath of spring are often those who are destined never to behold its flowers; and, when the gracious Spirit of God is about to be poured out on a dry and drooping church, the first intimation is sometimes given to one, himself invited to the fountain-head, and already passing into the unseen world. It was thus that the divine purposes of blessing were foreseen, at this time, by an aged servant of the Gospel, as though, in nearing the eternal city, he was permitted to hear some faint commotion, that betokened unusual grace to man. "Be steady," said the dying Rector of Epworth, placing his hands upon the head of his youngest son. "The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom. You shall see it, though I shall not." The serious temper of his children, already deepening into religious ardor, may, indeed, have served to prompt and encourage this strong faith; but the words of the speaker were at least remarkable; for events that speedily followed soon gave them something of the force of prophecy. The young man at this good patriarch's feet had already earned the opprobrious name of "Methodist."

When we mention the rise of Methodism as bringing that great change to which we have referred, is some reader disposed to charge our language with exaggeration? Yet let him pause a moment and reflect, and summon all his knowledge and all his charity to assist his judgment. We have no doubt *then* as to the conclusion, which we only value as it is catholic and impartial. Let no sectarian prejudice or preference interfere; but only that love of evangelic truth with which the love and service of our species are so intimately joined. We fear not, then, to over-state a blessing which is incalculable. The influence of that humble band of Methodists, despised and persecuted though they were, was destined largely to affect the moral history of the world; for magnitude, permanence, and importance, it will compare with that of the Reformation itself. What was achieved in the sixteenth century for orthodox belief and for religious liberty, was effected in the eighteenth for practical godliness and expansive Christian charity. In the rise of Methodism in the

bosom of the Protestant English Church, we recognize the first great impulse given to the spread of evangelical religion, not as a mere form of doctrine, but as a rule of popular and daily life, acting first and most forcibly upon the outcast and humbler classes of society, since propagated from the lowest upwards, and insensibly affecting those Churches with which it had little but the name of Christ in common. Neither has its activity abated to the present day, but multiplied itself in a thousand directions by a thousand different agencies. And if we would gain some faint idea of the results of that great movement, we must look for them, not in one Church or class, or country: it is known by many names, and calls none but Christ "Lord;" and, fitted to breathe wherever humanity can respire, and even to give life where humanity is ready to perish, it has gone over into every clime, and seems destined, like the natural sun whose course it emulates, to dry up every noisome marsh of sin, and temper every fierce *Euroclydon* of sorrow.

But this is praise which cannot be wholly applied, or exactly limited, to any section of the modern church; for it is the spirit and power of Christianity itself,—living, animating, and diffusive Christianity. And if these were the beneficent and expansive tendencies of Methodism from the first, and if such is the wide and still-increasing area of its present fruitfulness, it is clear that no partial or sectarian views restrained the mission of its earliest members; and not less clear, that a measure of its energy and warmth passed silently into communions, where its name and history were hardly known. And in regard to that family of Christian Churches in which the recollections and traditions of this revival are still cherished, whose members desire continually to live in its spirit of zeal and charity, and to walk by its rule of primitive simplicity and fellowship, and who care not to shun the reproach attaching to its humble name, the test of all who worthily profess themselves by this designation is afforded in few words: Is their religion a happy development of practical and catholic Christianity?

But — to draw a little nearer to our immediate subject — the good effects of this revival are not all insensibly diffused throughout the church and the world. A substantive product of it challenges the attention of the present day. Methodism was not destined to subserve a merely temporary purpose, and then wholly vanish out of sight. To those who had little relished the disturbance of their religious complacency, its silent disappearance would have been most welcome; they would have turned with satisfaction on their other side, composed themselves once more to sleep, and dreamed that it was all a dream. But God

mercifully ordered otherwise; for through His providence, by turns directing and seconding the labors of its most eminent leader, the chief elements of Methodism became gradually embodied in a vast system of evangelization and religious teaching, till, outgrowing the dimensions of a subsidiary church-society, it assumed the proportions and exercised the functions of an independent missionary Church. How this came to pass, is one of the most interesting studies of ecclesiastical history. To compare spiritual things with natural, the unpremeditated growth and ultimate extension of this religious institute bear strong resemblance to the growth and extension of the British constitution and empire: and, in the singular providence of God, the one seems to have prepared a mighty channel for the other. Under the fostering care of British Methodism, flourish a large family of colonial Churches. But not to this empire, nor even to bounds determined by those of the English language, are these results confined. On the American continent, one vigorous offspring of Methodism has found a prosperous and independent home, thus strikingly sustaining the parallel suggested; and long in Ireland, and now in France, and presently on the vast Australian plains, have been or shortly may be seen the cheering spectacle of these religious settlements, each the centre of active operations on the irreligion of the world. And if, in time future, (though we cannot anticipate the period,) no visible representative of the Methodism of the eighteenth century should survive in this country, the seed already sown broad-cast in the world, and carried by providential winds into far distant lands, and there falling into new and vigorous soils, will doubtless cover and adorn innumerable wastes with verdure, and whiten to the great millennial harvest.

In this unusual and rapid spread no serious or candid person can fail to recognize divine influence and blessing; for when we consider how little the doctrines and practices of Methodism are suited to flatter the pride or excuse the passions of our corrupt nature, confessedly nothing but a supernatural power is adequate to these results. Under similar conditions no parallel can be adduced:—certainly not Popery, in any of its forms. To say that Methodism, in its organic shape, has far more ably answered the pure ends of an earnest evangelical Protestantism than the Society of Jesus has furthered the sinister designs of Popery, is not to settle their respective claims, or determine their relative inherent power. Weeds have small need of culture, but grow rapidly in the rank degenerate earth: it is another and far different thing, to plant gardens that promise to replace the glory of Eden. The vessel which is carried down the stream may, indeed, be drifted and guided into every

port by turns; but to remount the river of our desperate nature, and reach near to its divine, unsullied springs, demands a principle of fire within.

It would be equally absurd and false, however, to deny that there was and is a capacity even in fallen humanity for the reception of such choice blessings, or that appropriate human agency is largely employed in every true evangelizing work. Both of these great principles are very plainly to be recognized in the economy of providence and grace. Man is still the creature of God, how deep soever may be his degradation; and the provisions of the Gospel are exquisitely suited to his perishing condition. Hence one prime reason that religious truth should any way prevail. God has chosen to accomplish his designs by instrumentality, wholly ineffectual of itself, but ordered and endued and perfectly efficient by virtue of his sovereign will. Hence the progress of religion in the world is seemingly dependant on, and is actually modified by, the force of human character and circumstances. The history of Methodism furnishes ample illustration of both these truths; but only that last-named is relevant to our present purpose. The instruments of this great revival were, as regards the leading few, men of eminent natural parts; some were highly accomplished in matters of human learning: and, in one of them at least, these gifts and acquirements were richly united, and employed to the uttermost advantage. Heroes the world had often seen, fired either with secular or ecclesiastical ambition; but Providence now destined one for nobler usefulness, and inspired him with a purer aim. In raising this great missionary Church to further His designs of mercy to the world, how largely was God pleased to honor the piety and genius of JOHN WESLEY!

We know not where it would be possible to find a parallel, either to the character or the career of this extraordinary man. The whole history of his life—extending through almost the entire century of his birth—has perhaps no equal for high and varied interest. It fascinates alike philosopher and Christian, and is not without a powerful charm for the luxurious student of humanity. Apart even from the great object which knit all his purposes together, and made the fruit of his personal labors a valuable heritage to his own and to future generations, the mere thread of his biography leads the reader towards a thousand sources of curious entertainment, which in the age of folios would have found some huge and independent monument, or received copious illustration in the pages of some erudite and curious Bayle. In the story of his family alone, there is a world of interest and instruction. The portrait of the elder Wesley is a

study by itself; and still more so, that of his admirable wife. In each of these we have noble specimens of the sort of parentage in which Englishmen not unfrequently rejoice,—serious, devout, painstaking, orderly and firm; the father, worthy to represent the loyal, orthodox and faithful Parson of the English Church; the mother, born to conduct and discipline the youthful course of men like John and Charles Wesley. In the character and fortunes of their other children, how much there is to rivet and reward attention!—in Samuel, the honest churchman, the faithful son, the constant friend, beloved by Atterbury and admired by Pope; in the daughters, Kezzy, Martha, and Hetty, all so gifted and unhappy, whose lively sensibility and quick intelligence only sharpened the misery of misplaced attachment and unmerited desertion. All the members of this family had something of the gift of poetry. Samuel, the father, left behind him an excellent piece entitled “Eupolis’ Hymn to the Creator,”—not to insist upon his more ambitious, but less interesting, “Life of Christ.” Samuel, the younger, was still more favored by the muses. He published a variety of moral and satirical poems, and was the author of that fine hymn, so touching at the funeral of the young; *The morning flowers display their sweets*. The sisters too, learned to beguile their sorrows, and to rob them of half their stern reality, by coining them into melodious verse, not, indeed, of any great merit, but equal, at least, to that of the admired Orindas of the day. Charles Wesley, was, perhaps the most gifted minstrel of the modern Church; none, since the Psalmist, has embodied in strains so genuine the religious exercises of the soul; and to a vast number of devout congregations, lifting their voices in widely distant lands, his hymns supply the place of liturgy and psalter. As to John Wesley, it is the least of his extraordinary merits; yet, he too, was born a poet of no vulgar grade; and the excellence of many of his sacred pieces, both original and translated, gives evidence that the lyre which he laid upon the altar, subject only to celestial airs, is worthy to be mentioned among those many gifts which he refused to employ for his own aggrandizement or pleasure.

Such were the members of this remarkable family; but perhaps some others, equally favored by nature and exercised by fortune, have left no trace behind them; and these to the historic eye will henceforth group themselves round one commanding figure, and owe to that connection the rare notice of posterity. The name of Wesley, like the kindred name of Wellesley, summons to the mind one image of embodied power and resolution, one chosen instrument of the gracious providence of God,

and one long train of precious and incalculable blessings.*

* This is not the first time that the name of the Founder of Methodism has suggested that of the Hero of Waterloo, nor is it likely to be the last. This circumstance is due to more points of coincidence than one. It is well known that the late Duke of Wellington commenced life as Arthur Wesley, in which form his name appears in the Army-List for the year 1800. This fact is readily associated in the mind with an important incident in the life of his grandfather, Richard Colley, who, when Charles the brother of John Wesley, declined the offer of Garret Wesley, of Dangan Castle, Ireland, was adopted heir to the name and property of that gentleman; and so the family of Mornington attained that first position from which a young cadet of the second generation was to carry it on to the highest step of the peerage, and the most illustrious page of history. Taken together, these incidents are sufficient to suggest at least the probable identity of the families of Wellesley and Wesley; and there are reasons, not yet noticed, for supposing that at no distant period their actual ancestry would be found to merge in the same progenitor. In the character and career of the Founder of Methodism we find much that is characteristic also of the late famous defender of Europe. For strict habits and great hardihood they were both remarkable. Each rose early, employed every waking moment to the best advantage, and retired at an unvarying hour to rest. John Wesley, it is said, had sleep at his command; and on his long journeys of apostolic labor, when it happened that he could neither read nor write, (as frequently he did or horseback or in a carriage,) one thing he could do, he would shut his eyes and take needful rest in sleep. Of Wellington we believe the same thing may be said: he too, could sleep in the saddle; the habitual vigilance of his nature enabled him to choose a moment of repose, and the admirable temper of his spirit permitted it to rest at his volition. Again; in the practical stamp of their minds, and especially in the laconic style of their writings, the resemblance between these men is very striking. The Despatches of Wellington and the Journals of Wesley might have been dictated by the same person, if the style and temper of the writer only be considered. Their letters, too, are strongly marked in a very similar manner: they have brevity without obscurity, and force without vehemence, and particularity without trifling. Duty, according to the standard which he recognized, was the law of each; inflexibility the temper, and common sense the active servant, of its performance. Even the features of these personages had no small resemblance to each other; and we see a further coincidence in the health and length of days with which they both were honored. Circumstances allowing, and spiritual convictions absent, we can imagine Wesley undertaking and sustaining the part of Wellington, almost without the slightest diversity. Visited by the same strong sense of existing evil and divine mercy, we conceive that if Providence had chosen Wellington as the instrument of evangelizing the world by his preaching and example, instead of protecting it by his sword and counsel, the character of the man would readily have adapted itself to his great mission. The parallel might be pursued to the amazing results of the personal labors of each. Those of Wellington have recently been indicated by innumerable pens; and the historian of the Peninsular campaigns has said also of Wesley, “I consider him as

There are two questions that present themselves, in any attempt to determine the value of a public and beneficent career. Was the object proposed of so high and rare importance as to merit the constant, earnest and exclusive application of abundant natural gifts? Were the means employed for the accomplishment of this object dictated by truest wisdom and justified by pure and permanent success? Let us apply these to the general career of Wesley. What has been disparagingly said of many of his religious followers, was eminently and honorably true of him: he was a man of one great practical idea. Is any disposed to esteem him the less for that? Yet such were all those who have divided the world's history between them, and severally given their names to its most famous chapters. They were men of one idea, — of one predominant, prolific, central thought, which absorbed and ordered all the energies and resources of life to the nourishment of one great purpose, as the brain takes tribute of intelligence from the extremest point and member of the body, but which furnished in return sensibility, and life, and action to every subordinate and sluggish particle. O the omnipotence of one idea! In business it makes colossal fortunes; in science it insures profound discoveries; in art it blazons splendid reputations. What has not been achieved by this cold, clear, but fusing temperament; this chastened enthusiasm; this intelligent coördination of the mind and will? Powerful alike for good and evil, in state-craft it has founded and confounded empires. Abused in one grand instance to subvert the truth, in Popery it has usurped the regency of souls, — assumed the attributes and tithed the heritage of God. And this has been wrought by human instruments, on merely human elements; tampering, indeed, with the spiritual intuitions of our nature, but unaided by divine communications. What, then, might be expected from the enlightened and devoted enthusiast for religious truth, — from the Gospel Herald, charged with the convincing word, and seconded by the disarming Spirit? A handful of such faithful men might surely revolutionize the moral world, and recover it to the authority and sway of Christ.

We are frequently surprised to hear, that Wesley was not this, and did not do that, when, perhaps, it was his daily prayer that *this* he might never become, and that *that* he might never be led aside to do. Could the object of his life have been sublimer? — Might his energies and length of days have

been more thoroughly devoted to it? These are questions far more pertinent and just; and the answer to them is, perhaps, such as the annals of no other life could furnish. What might have been achieved by such a man, — his gifts, his acquirements, and, above all, his resolute moral purpose considered, — we cannot say, and, perhaps, dare not, if we could. The same energy, self-sacrifice, and singleness of mind, seconded by so great a love of order, so much sagacity, such wide experience both of men and things, — these, devoted to the cause of any earthly sovereign, and exercised through three parts of a century, could scarcely have suffered him to remain lower than second in the empire of his birth. But he was called to a higher and more fruitful mission. He was early impressed with the idea of his life being, in an especial manner, due and destined to God and to his cause. He sees the hand of Providence in the disappointment of his natural affections, knowing that, otherwise, "he might have set up his rest in this world, and forgotten the work for which he was born." This was before the manner of salvation was made clear to him by his own experience, — before the work of an Evangelist, in all its simplicity and power, was imparted to him. He knew that God had a message to the world; he felt its importance to be something awful, and that himself was a chosen messenger; but the burthen of the Lord was only dimly present to his mind. Yet we may notice how the Providence of God prepared this instrument of mercy for his future apostolic labors. The errors of his zealous conscientiousness were so much spiritual experience, to be turned by him, through exposition and warning, and controversy, to the guidance of the Church of God. Thus, at Oxford, he feels (like many thousands, both before and since) that, to serve God, in every act and thought, is at once a peremptory and impossible obligation. Missing the righteousness that is by faith, he seems to crave some burden to lift, — some pain to endure, — some darling deeds to crucify, — some miracles of mortifying labor to perform; and this, not (as afterwards) from a simple and intense desire for the glory of God, but also to avert some spiritual and impending evil, — to secure some personal satisfaction, — to earn the forbearance if not the favor, of Heaven. Thorough and practised theologian as he was, he yet missed of the kingdom of heaven, which is readily attained by child-like faith. Too sophisticated, he must surrender all his pride of learning, and pass, with thankful heart, from the feet of Gamaliel to the feet of Jesus and his Cross. The time of his conversion was preceded, like that of Paul, by a state of blindness. He was allowed to grope after every door of hope, before

the most influential mind of the last century, — the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long." — *Southey, in Wiltberforce Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 388.

finding that which Christ has set open, and which no man can shut. He was to be able to forewarn others of a thousand spiritual errors, and so was allowed to feel, as well as to see, the fruitlessness of misdirected efforts after human virtue,—doomed to roll up the recoiling stone of Sisiphus, and to fill the many-pierced vessels of the Naiads. But when the Gospel was apprehended in simplicity and fullness, and he felt the expansive gladness of a new and better nature, he soon learned also what was his providential calling. Henceforth he was to live “the servant of mankind.” The High-Churchman began now to be weaned of prejudice and error,—to breathe a catholic instead of an exclusive spirit. The lover of church-order—such both by temperament and education—must learn, at the dictate of conscience, to transgress church-discipline; to preach in the field or in the barn, with or without rubric; and, at length, even to associate with himself a band of humble Preachers, on whom no *lineal* hand had conferred the apostolic unction. In this spirit he went about doing good,—travelled more miles, and preached more sermons, and wrote more books, than any since the day when Paul laid down his life at Rome; and not only did good by personal labors and example, but raised and trained, under the divine blessing, a body of plain, and earnest, and popular Evangelists, and organized by a system of religious instruction and improvement, which has extended far beyond all that even his great faith was privileged to foresee.

If a rapid sketch could do justice to the career of Wesley, we should be tempted to give it in this place. As a mere picture of prodigious industry and sustained effort,—of methodical, but zealous labor, continued almost to the verge of ninety years,—we are persuaded it would be far beyond all human comparison. The variety and extent of his performances exceed those of any Reformer that the church has seen. The zeal of Luther, and the sagacity of Loyola, were both united in this man. His heroic courage and constancy may be disguised for a moment by the practical and daily wisdom which directed them; but reflection soon forces us to recognize these elements of true greatness, and his life, as a whole, throws over the contemplating mind a colossal shadow of awe and reverence. But we have no space for even the outline of such a course.* We shall proceed

at once, therefore, to fulfil our first intention, by passing directly under review some of those works which, from time to time, have been offered to the world in illustration of the character and career of Wesley.

The assailants of Wesley, during his lifetime, were neither few nor insignificant; but they may safely be left, some to the oblivion which so speedily overtook them, and others to such consideration as Wesley himself afforded them in his occasional replies. No religious sect was ever submitted to such fierce and continued vituperation as the body of Methodists; and all these bolts of opposition were concentrated on the head of their impassive leader. Wesley went calmly on his way, in spite of all, or shook them literally, like dew-drops from him. At length, the temporal reward of his constancy came to him, in the shape of outward veneration and respect; and he who had feared no man, nor inquired of any but his own conscience and the Word of God, passed his last days of serene, but active, piety, under the favor and protection of the public. Even to the end, however, of his personal career, the principles which actuated him were grossly misapprehended and traduced, in many publications. The first account of his life which appeared after his decease was inspired by resentment; and the author of the second, intrusted with more authentic details, was seduced by the two-fold love of popularity and money to violate his own engagement, and to do injustice to the memory and intentions of his venerable patron. To

charity of his heart, the variety of his knowledge, the nicety of his taste, and the vigor of his literary powers. His sermons form a body of doctrinal and practical theology, which, for brevity and clearness of expression, for harmonizing views of divine grace and the conditions of salvation, and for scriptural statements of Christian duty, and privilege,—are nowhere surpassed in this or any language. His controversial tracts exhibit a mastery of technical logic, which cause the reader to rejoice that so trenchant a weapon was put into the hands of so fair a combatant. In every one of these polemical discussions, the temper displayed is worthy of the cause defended. The courtliness of manner is not that of a man irritated or contemptuous, but of one who habitually economized his words, and to whom the spending of a needless moment was felt to be a loss to the Church of God and perishing souls. His miscellaneous writings are numerous and instructive and characterized by the same judgment and skill. They include letters to all sorts of persons, young and old; grammars of all sorts of languages, ancient and modern; prefaces to all sorts of books, secular and religious; tracts upon all sorts of subjects, moral and political. True, every matter in this encyclopedic series is colored by the author's individual mind, and treated in his usual decisive manner; but this was never objected to in Johnson, or any other of the world's great teachers, as derogating from the authority of wisdom, or even as wanting in its own peculiar charm.

* The writings of Wesley alone demand a separate attention. These have never received a tithe of that regard which they deserve. His “*Journals*” are unique in human literature,—a monument of incredible exertions, and testifying at once to the candor of his mind, the constancy of his purpose, the promptitude of his judgment, the

these works of Hampson and Whitehead succeeded a memoir, drawn up by Dr. Coke and Henry Moore, at the instance of the Wesleyan Conference; and many errors and misrepresentations concerning the character of Wesley were set right by these, his intimate friends and associates. To none of these accounts, however, shall we more particularly turn, as each has been superseded by works of greater value and completeness. The first in popularity, and not the least in merit, is that which bears the name of Robert Southey.

The announcement of Southey's "Life of Wesley" awakened the attention of very different parties. Some were admirers of the laurelled author; others were drawn by love and reverence to the apostolic hero; and each of these classes was concerned to know how the literary moralist would deport himself amid the difficulties of an evangelical, and, withal, somewhat polemical, biography. Among general readers, the work was certain to find favor and acceptance. Whatever its theological defects might be, the work of Robert Southey could not fail in literary attractiveness; and whatever the bias of its treatment, the life of John Wesley was sure to possess an interest of its own. So admirable a narrator has seldom furnished himself with so remarkable a history. Many of the peculiar features of his subject were just those to attract the curious eyes, and to reward the graphic pencil, of this skilled and thoughtful writer. In such hands, all that was external in the rise, and progress, and spread of Methodism, must needs be ably, though it might not be, in all respects, accurately, depicted; and many of the psychological phenomena presented at this period, by the confluence of supernatural power with the sullen tide of human depravity, were known to have a special charm for this student and lover of his species. In this last particular lay both the fascination and the difficulty of our author's task.

When the book appeared, it did not disappoint the public expectation. It was found to be tasteful, curious, and anecdotal; serious in manner and tolerant in spirit, investing what had been regarded by many as a vulgar theme, with classic graces, and rescuing the servants of the Gospel from the sneers and slanders of bigotry and fashion. It revealed a world of interest in the lives and deeds of poor, despised, itinerating Preachers; and in their leader discovered a hero, who put aside the learning, that he might emulate the labors, of a Paul. The book became a favorite with many of the most accomplished persons of the day. "To this work," said Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "and to the 'Life of Richard Baxter,' I was used to resort, whenever sickness and languor made me feel the want of an old

friend, of whose company I could never be tired. How many and many an hour of self-oblivion do I owe to this 'Life of Wesley!' and how often have I argued with it, questioned, remonstrated, been peevish, and asked pardon; then again listened, and cried, 'Right! excellent!' for that I heard, and listened, and was soothed, though I could make no reply." And then, in a concluding exclamation of regret, we have some intimation of the kind of interest which Coleridge felt in this biography: "Ah that Robert Southey had fulfilled his intention of writing a history of the Monastic Orders, or would become the biographer, at least, of Loyola, Xavier, Dominic, and the other remarkable Founders!" In this expression of regret we sincerely join. For ecclesiastical biography of this kind Dr. Southey had some remarkable qualifications. His learning, and his literary resources generally, were unusually great; his industry and research were hardly to be paralleled among men of letters; his biographical detail had all the charm and faithfulness of portraiture; and his general style was elegant, both in the popular and in the derivative sense. The life of a Romish Missionary, in his hands, would have been subject only to one great drawback: unconsciously on its author's part, it would have presented too flattering a picture of that subtle agent of a sinister and fallen Church; and many beautiful accessories, both of human and inanimate nature, would have tended to hide from our eyes the prolific evils that must arise when a corrupted form of Christianity is engrained on the undestroyed vitality of Pagan superstitions. Yet such a work would have been valuable for its stores of information; and, perhaps, the high-toned Christian morality of its author, though wanting in evangelical clearness and decision, would have insured an occasional and sufficient check to his looser and more general sympathies.

In speaking of this "Life of Wesley," we are loth to speak in any but the language of praise. We believe that Southey's publication was intended as a sincere tribute to a man of unusual excellence and greatness. As a life of Wesley, its comparative merit is as little to be denied as its undoubted interest. It was an immense advance beyond the fierce intolerance of Bishops Warburton and Lavington. The author rose above a thousand vulgar prejudices by virtue of his humane and generous spirit, and escaped a thousand natural mistakes by the exercise of candor and diligence in the performance of his task. As already intimated, he was qualified by many gifts and acquirements for doing justice to the more external features of Methodism in its early course; and when he is not equally just in his animadversions and reflections, the fidel-

ity of his narrative supplies a corrective to the spiritually-minded and unbiassed reader. If the author has failed to penetrate the simple, but sublime philosophy of his evangelic theme, he is not without a measure of sympathy for the virtues of his apostolic hero. To those of his readers who more truly appreciate the religious principles of Wesley, no great misapprehension can arise. As a whole, while faithfully (in the main) recording the facts as they arose, the work before us could not entirely fail in reflecting the spirit of that great Revival. Of this the author's own inconsistencies are no small proof. His Church theories are for ever breaking down under the march of more stupendous and authoritative truths; and his offended tastes are continually expanding into a healthier and nobler standard of what is excellent and good.

But—we have deferred this little word as long as possible, and admit it with reluctance even now—there are serious drawbacks to the merit and value of this performance. Our respect for the memory of Southey must not cause us to forget or overlook the fact, that in many passages he has strongly aspersed the character of Wesley. A gross and wilful slanderer has little power to injure the repute of goodness; but the case is very different with an author comparatively so fair and liberal. The sweetness that masks the poison increases the unlikelihood of its rejection; and so rather strengthens than diminishes the danger. The literary graces of this production, the general candor of its reflections, and the verisimilitude imparted to its narrative,—all of which assure us that Southey's "Life of Wesley" will long remain a favorite biography,—render it only the more imperative that Dr. Southey's readers should be set upon their guard; for ignorance and prejudice have occasionally seduced him into gross injustice. Strictly viewed, with reference more to the exact truth concerning Wesley and the cause in which he was engaged, than to the sincerity and ability of its author, the amount of misrepresentation in this work is very serious. It brings a flimsy philosophy to explicate some of the most important mysteries of religion, and especially to disprove the reality of that Christian experience, which has been the chief source of comfort and confidence to all true believers in every age. It lays to Wesley's charge things which he knew not; magnifies his personal credulity; exaggerates into enthusiasm his clear and cool and reasonable and constant zeal; and then strangely charges him with ambition and a boundless love of power! With all his admiration for the religious character of his hero,—and this is very considerable,—he has still more for his inflexibility of purpose, for his power of ruling men in small or larger masses, and for the sagacity and skill

with which he organized the Societies under his care. And, determined that a hero he shall be, (and one, too, after his own heart,) wielding, for the love of it, an ecclesiastical supremacy over many subject souls, he thinks of him as of a Protestant Loyola, fired with the same spiritual ambition, and hardly less scrupulous in the use of proselyting means. Strange, that the inconsistency as well as the gross untruth of this should not have appeared to Southey! that he could have forgotten the manner in which God owned the labors of this great Evangelist, as well as of his brother Charles and Whitefield, even according to his own confession! that he should have turned a deaf ear or doubtful mind to those piercing cries of one smitten with the love of souls, and gladly burdened with a vast commission!—

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
And snatch them from the gaping grave.

My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored."

It was not likely, under these circumstances, that those to whom Wesley's reputation was dearest, and who had entered into the spiritual charge of his Societies, should be satisfied with the tendency of Southey's popular volumes. A sacred cause and a spotless character were both compromised and threatened; and both were a solemn trust to that large community which is legally represented and faithfully served by the Wesleyan Conference. By appointment of that assembly, a champion was presently forthcoming; and so Robert Southey fell into the hands of Richard Watson.

When this great preacher and theologian undertook to correct the misrepresentations of the "Life of Wesley," all who knew the superior order of his mind, his thorough preparedness, and the serious temper in which he was likely to engage in what he believed to be the cause of God, expected no half-answer from his pen. No word of levity that had escaped the Laureate, and no sophistical explanation of divine things attempted in his narrative, and no ill-founded charge against the good and great man whom he had chosen for the subject of his alternate censure and approval, was likely to evade the notice of this masterly polemic. What might fairly pass muster with the reading public, and even charm the languid hours of the philosopher of Highgate, was now to be sifted like wheat, after a heavy flail had first divided the grain from the chaff. And when Mr. Watson's tract appeared, it was found answerable to the character of its author. As a reply to Dr. Southey's charges,

it was complete and irresistible. Till then, the reader of the "Life of Wesley" had never dreamed that it was so full of errors,—so elegant the composition, so plausible the views, so far above suspicion the dignified and able writer. But Watson exposed the least as well as the greatest of its faults, and showed them to abound in almost every page; and proved the fatuity and falsehood of every injurious statement. Disdaining to lavish useless compliment where his general purpose was so different, he went direct to his appointed duty; and yet there was a grave and lofty courtesy in his language, and a moral weight in his reflections, that only served to render his rebuke more fatal. In all that learning which the subject called for, he approved himself the Laureate's master; and, by the tone and tenor of a high Christian philosophy, was enabled to reduce, to almost contemptible proportions, the loose and feeble speculations of his author. Above all, in the theology of the English Church,—to a knowledge of which Dr. Southey, though a layman, made no ordinary pretensions,—the superiority of Watson was manifest; and by this advantage he was enabled not only to vindicate the catholic orthodoxy of Wesleyan doctrine and practice, but to convict the biographer of Wesley of gross incompetency for his voluntary task. Thus, with weapons out of his own vaunted armory, he reduces the adversary of evangelical religion. With ready and copious learning, he brings the Fathers of the Protestant Church of England to confirm the teaching of this strange sect; and from the writings of these worthies, and the Articles and Homilies of the Church itself, he shows that the doctrines thought to be peculiar to Methodism, and vilified as the spurious products of enthusiasm, belong, in reality, to that reformed and scriptural faith which Dr. Southey himself professed. It is at this point of his argument that our critic anticipates the charge of undue severity; and his remark in self-defence may be quoted as an instance of his trenchant manner: "If any should say, that it is too much to expect that the Poet Laureate should be a Divine, the answer is, that without a common initiation, at least, in the principles of religion, the Poet Laureate ought not to have uttered his *dicta* on the points referred to. It is surely not too much to expect that a professed member of the Church of England should understand his Catechism and the Book of Common Prayer."*

* Nothing is more admirable in Mr. Watson's volume, than the philosophical spirit with which he discriminates between natural and spiritual phenomena, unless it be the moderation and judgment which mark his statements of important scriptural dogmas. Of this latter kind we may instance how well he guards the doctrine of human depravity

On the whole, we are disposed to think that Mr. Watson was somewhat too severe on this occasion. If Dr. Southey was compelled to acknowledge—as we have reason to believe he did at a subsequent period—that he was justly brought to task for making false and injurious statements, he had also some occasion for surprise at being treated as a flagrant enemy of Methodism. It was right and needful that the evangelical doctrines and practices of a large Christian community, as well as the religious character and pure intentions of its Founder, should be openly defended from the aspersions of so popular an author; but we think a tone of more friendly remonstrance might have been employed with equal effects and, perhaps, a fuller acknowledgment was due to the comparative fairness and moderation of Dr. Southey. Yet, notwithstanding this abatement, we highly esteem the service rendered by Mr. Watson to the cause of truth. His animadversions are all warrantable in this regard. Nor must our reader, to whom this able tract may be unknown, suppose that the champion of Methodism was unfitted to appreciate, or unwilling to admit, the literary merits of the Poet Laureate. On more than one occasion he professes himself a reader and admirer of that author's poetry. But with a mind cast in a sterner mould, and a calling that engaged and hallowed all his powers, he will not suffer these grateful recollections to mitigate the edge of his just censure. More frequently an allusion of this kind is introduced with terrible effect, to point our critic's shaft of irony, or to render the swift-following exposure only the more severe. The wreath of song, is not, indeed, withheld; but it seems to fall upon the head of a victim, and hardly for a moment is the sacrifice delayed.

It is probable, that a majority of those who are familiar with Southey's "Life of Wesley," have never read the "Observations" of Mr. Watson. And, unfortunately, the errors, which the latter work was intended to correct, are repeated in the recent, as they will doubtless be perpetuated through every future, edition of that work. For this we hold the editor, our author's son, in some degree responsible. It is well known that Dr. Southey greatly modified his published views of Wesley's character, wholly retracting the charge of an ambitious purpose in the formation of his Societies; and it is no less certain, that he made considerable preparations for an amended edition of the biography, which, indeed, was advertised as being in the press, just previously to the author's lamentable illness. Yet the son, upon

from the extreme language of some Calvinistic writers,—language wholly at variance with the facts of human history, and quite unnecessary for the explication of divine truth.

whom the task of publication ultimately devolved, has thought proper to suppress every sign of this important change, and has suffered his father's memory to lose the advantage even of its bare acknowledgment. The reproach, in justice, will recoil upon himself. We esteem the honorable intention of the parent, and pity the son's mistaken churchmanship and pride. It happens, however that Mr. Southey has allowed another to contradict his father, whom he would not suffer to correct himself,—so strange is his idea of filial duty! In Alexander Knox's paper, communicated to Dr. Southey, and published in this last edition, we have an interesting tribute to Wesley's simplicity of purpose; to the purity, happiness and heavenly-mindedness which distinguished his serene old age, and evinced that no worldly considerations had biased his career, or induced any act, the memory of which might serve to cloud the evening of his life. Of Mr. Coleridge's notes—also a feature of the new edition—we have little room and less desire to speak. They are remarkable for profound discrimination, both of terms and things. In them language is denuded of its popular incrustations, and mind itself cunningly pierced and partially exposed through all its many plies, whether of education, sense or habit. Yet these notes are unsatisfactory as a whole: their author's genius does not assist him in mastering the theology of Scripture; nay, it seems absolutely to mislead him, seducing him to venture far beyond the point where it has pleased God that man shall best recognize the relation of the creature to Himself. The blessings of religion are designed for every member of the human family, not for the gifted or much-instructed only; and even for the attainment of great discoveries in the economy of grace, and of large and consistent views of scriptural theology, the preparation necessary is more of a moral than a mental nature. And so it often happens, as in the case before us, that this super-subtlety of intellect is a practical disadvantage, even in the study of moral and religious science. It leads into a thousand metaphysical diversions, and corrupts the simplicity of divine truth. It is as though a man should have a morbid prismatic vision, instead of an eye cunningly compounded of lens and counter-lens, engaging the use of many antagonistic properties, but all uniting to produce an act of simple perception.

The "Life of Wesley," which Mr. Watson himself prepared, is comparatively brief; but it contains, notwithstanding, a very lucid and able narrative of Wesley's religious history, and of the successive stages of his progress in forming the Societies under his care, and in providing for their spiritual and moral necessities. Indeed, this little work is a model of serious and succinct biography. Nothing irrel-

evant to its chief design, which regarded rather the public, than the merely personal, affairs of its subject, is admitted to weaken the effect of so important a relation. Yet, its fullness and completeness is surprising. Every topic, which a history of Wesley's labors would naturally touch upon, has here a brief, but fitting allusion; and every feature of Methodism, which had been exposed to misconception or distortion, is here set right, with moderation of spirit as well as mastery of hand. Some fine criticism, also, is scattered over these pages; the poetry of Charles and the prose of John Wesley are characterized with judgment and discrimination. Here, too, the relations of Methodism to the Church of England, both in its earlier and later period, are lucidly and fairly stated. To those who would see, in brief compass, the chief steps in the career of this eminent Evangelist, we strongly commend the perusal of Mr. Watson's memoir.

A valuable substitute for Dr. Southey's volumes—hardly less interesting, and far more just, consistent, and reliable—appeared in the year 1825. It proceeded from the pen of Henry Moore, who was Wesley's son in the Gospel, and who, in conjunction with Dr. Coke, had compiled the first authentic account of the Founder of Methodism. Mr. Moore was now the sole surviving trustee of Mr. Wesley; he had lately recovered some important MSS., largely illustrating his career; and was, moreover, enabled to correct many mis-statements of a minor character, repeated by Southey, for which the limits and design both of Mr. Watson's tract and subsequent memoir furnished no equal opportunity. Under these circumstances the new biography, enlarged to two octavo volumes, and written on a comprehensive plan, had claims superior to any that had yet appeared. It is still unrivalled for its fullness and fidelity. The fortunes of the Wesley family are a singularly interesting feature of this book; and, with some of the more private incidents of John Wesley's course, they are almost pathetic in their character. As an example of the first, we may mention a letter of Mrs. Wesley to her brother Annesley, in which the poverty and distress of this remarkable family, painfully heightened by their contrasted education and accomplishments, is related in terms that move the reader to equal pity and admiration for that noble woman. Perhaps a finer example of the maternal character never adorned a Roman or an English home. Of her more eminent son, Mr. Moore gives some new particulars; and especially may be mentioned, as being here introduced for the first time, a remarkable copy of verses, inspired by strong love and sorrow, but, breathing also, a spirit of holy resignation. Wesley was now in the prime

of life, and in the zenith of his triumphant labors. For the second time, the fountain of his human affections flowed towards a created object, and one so worthy of his love as to make the trial only the more difficult to bear; but Providence came to his assistance, and decided for him; for God chose that he should be devoted only to His church; and now, he adds a further offering, even a bleeding heart, upon that altar which sanctifieth the gift.

In these volumes of Henry Moore, there is a pervading homogeneity, arising from the author's sympathy with his subject, which to us is very pleasant. There is something filial in his admiration for the venerable master, whose counsel and friendship were the chief blessings of his early manhood. Unlike the laurelled author who preceded him, he is of one mind with his hero, and profoundly enters into the sacred motives which hallowed all his actions, and rejoices in the fruit of such devotedness and zeal. If these motives and actions were more questionable, of course this partiality would need to be guarded against; but, convinced as we are, (and as all must be who duly consider the nature and amount of his Christian and self-denying labors,) that Wesley was worthy of all the love and reverence he inspired, we feel it to be an advantage that he has found a congenial as well as competent biographer. Nor is the ability which Mr. Moore brought to his work of love to be lightly regarded. The author may be taken as a fair yet favorable example of Wesley's coöperators and successors. As a man he was both shrewd and wise: as a minister, diligent and faithful in his sacred calling. The volumes before us give evidence of no small measure of literary skill. The style is simple and unadorned, but even and judicious, and not without a certain elegance; it has, besides, a characteristic charm, distinct from that of its subject, yet beautifully harmonizing with it. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the best biography of Wesley.

The next writer who undertook to estimate the character and labors of Wesley was Mr. Isaac Taylor, well known by his original work entitled "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and, more recently, by one on "Loyola, and Jesuitism in its Rudiments." This critic was supposed to have certain peculiar qualifications, and his production was expected with some interest. The hand which had lately drawn the features of the great arch-Jesuit, was now engaged on a companion-picture, equally full of character, but marked by striking contrasts. Shall the study of Methodism, so remarkable in its origin, and so active in its influence upon the world of these last hundred years, have less interest or fascination for students of the present time, than that of the Society of Jesus,

not, indeed, yet dissolved, but comparatively barren and uniformly dark? With no healthy mind, could it be thus; and so, thoughtful men looked with curiosity for Mr. Taylor's book. At length it appeared—quietly, as this class of works are wont to do; still thoughtful men came round it and discussed it. They differed widely as to its literary merit and intrinsic value; but all agreed, whether for compliment or otherwise, that it was highly characteristic of its author. And so say we. What if, rather, it had more highly characterized its *subject*? But then the author must have been left very far behind.

Whatever the degree of Mr. Taylor's success, he has certainly produced no rival to the favorite work of Southey. Less comprehensive in plan, and less artistic in arrangement, it is inferior altogether in literary merit. It is only fair, however, to say that, its object not being strictly biographical, it would be invidious to force it into comparison with Southey's interesting volumes. Let us judge it fairly, according to its own pretensions, which, on some important grounds, are sufficiently aspiring. It claims to be a critical philosophical study, in which both the principles and personages concerned in a remarkable religious movement are estimated and compared.

Though somewhat more extensive in its actual range, the title of Mr. Taylor's book is limited to "Wesley, and Methodism;" and his subject generally, though embracing other characters, and treated in smaller sections, divides itself naturally into two parts; namely, the religious revival of the last century, and the personal character and labors of its most honored instrument. Of these general divisions, the latter most nearly concerns our present object; yet we must not omit all notice of the former, as it is the best and redeeming portion of a work to which we shall be bound to enter strong exceptions.

The spirit which animated the first Methodists is very justly appreciated by Mr. Taylor. In this part of his volume, the author has earned the praise of all lovers of catholic and evangelical truth. He cannot mistake, and will not depreciate, the character of a religious agitation, authenticated by so many proofs of divine favor, and issuing in so abundant a harvest of spiritual peace and joy. "It would not be easy," he says, "or not possible, to name any company of Christian Preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of contemporary men since the first century. An attempt to compute the converts to Method-

istic Christianity would be a fruitless as well as presumptuous undertaking, from which we draw back; but we must not call in question, what is so variously and fully attested, that an unimpeachable Christian profession was the fruit of the Methodist preaching in instances that must be computed by hundreds of thousands, throughout Great Britain and in America." So, also, in his individual sketches, our author well depicts the members of this apostolic band. Whitefield, with his affluence of spiritual gifts, his amazing eloquence, his zeal urging him so frequently to compass sea and land; and Charles Wesley, the fervent lyrist and liturgist, — these, the Barnabas and Apollos of Methodism, are nobly glanced at in these pages. Others, too, appear for a moment; as Coke, the Missionary; and Fletcher, of Madeley, — the Protestant St. Xavier and D'Assisi, whose holy faith and labors were ennobled and rewarded by their cause, and whose names are canonized in a more precious record than the Romish calendar of saints.

But what of the most eminent of this extraordinary company of Preachers? of him who, through a longer day, bore a far heavier burden, and headed the Christian march into the enemy's country, directed every assault, and went at last to his rest and his reward? To John Wesley it is due, that the labors of these Evangelists are remembered as having been something more than unconnected skirmishes, and recorded rather as a well-fought and victorious campaign; and the chief interest of this period will always tend to him as the central figure. Mr. Taylor's estimate of Wesley, as gathered by the reader from different parts of this volume, is very unsatisfactory. It is much below the standard of his real character, even as witnessed to by so unprejudiced a judge as Southey. This depreciation, it is true, alternates with the language of approval; but this approval is often not so much qualified, as neutralized, by prompt and large exceptions. The work, indeed, is contradictory throughout; and the reason seems to be, that, the facts of the case are far too strong for the philosophy called in. The moral worth and religious call of Wesley are freely admitted by our author: he does not question either the simplicity of his motives or the genuineness of his piety; he has strong terms of admiration for his courage, zeal, and constancy. But all that would account for his acknowledged preëminence, and all those remarkable gifts which, under the divine blessing, so largely contributed to his sustained and permanent influence upon the world at large, are omitted or denied. His intellectual powers are very greatly under-rated; his theology is summarily condemned; and the acknowledged prosperity of his designs during

his life-time is qualified by very serious doubts of the value and stability of the church-institute he left behind him.

Mr. Taylor is willing to grant that Wesley was a master in logic, but very plainly asserts that his mind was limited and mechanical; in short, that it was unphilosophical. In these days, a reproach of this kind is not necessarily startling or conclusive. The censure implied in the charge of being unphilosophical, is determined, as to weight and pungency, by the value of the censor's own philosophy; and this consideration has relieved our mind, as we think it calculated also to vindicate the intellectual character of Wesley. We are not about to question the value of Mr. Taylor's own writings, which, if not very trustworthy as to all that they *contain*, are often valuable for the truths which they *suggest*. But we cannot regret that the revered Wesley was not in like manner philosophical. Even his written works — so small a portion of his labors — will compare, we think, with advantage, as to these and other literary merits, with the productions of more modern and retired students; but, when considered as the incidental products of a practical and apostolic course, and especially as the key to that single and sublime philosophy, by which every action in that course was harmonized and ordered, we cannot wish them other than they are; and least of all can we regret the absence of metaphysical niceties or fancies. What Mr. Taylor repeatedly alludes to as a defect in Wesley, might, with equal reason, be mentioned with concern by the biographer of Marlborough or Wellington. Studies purely literary and abstract were foreign, not so much to the nature, as to the purpose, of our reformer; and such *dilettantisms* could never have consisted with so hardy and so useful a career. When he took the world for his parish, and determined to know and to preach nothing but the cross of Christ, he put aside, as an encumbrance, not only all vain philosophy, but every kind of learning and accomplishment which would not readily subserve his one design. But that rule implied exceptions; and chief among those exceptions was that of logic. This exception is characteristic, not more of the mental structure, than the moral earnestness, of Wesley.

As logic is the instrument by which great truths are defended, and their relations and consequences proved, it was natural to expect that the controversial writings of Wesley should exhibit more of this faculty than any other; but is there no "philosophy," and that, too, of a very high, and catholic, and spiritual kind, which supplies the first principles of a career so useful and consistent, and harmonizes into one great system the laws so promptly recognized in every act of such a life? The

philosophy of John Wesley is seen, as already intimated, not merely or chiefly in his written books, but in his living works; in the multitude of poor outcasts attracted by his zeal, and instructed by his scriptural ministrations; in the Societies formed by his wisdom and trained by his example; in the Churches founded by his agency or influence in all parts of the world. Herein is the substance of a true philosophy, destined to engage the critics and historians of a future age. The motives that urged to Wesley's extraordinary labors, and the immense results which followed them, are surely neither fortuitous nor inconsecutive: the latter are profoundly represented in the former,—in principles deliberately recognized by his religious consciousness, heartily and prayerfully adopted by his devoted zeal, and thoroughly harmonized and blessed by the energy of spiritual laws and the consenting providence of God. That Wesley made no distinction between philosophy, eminently and properly so called, and the system most plainly deducible from the facts and precepts of the Bible; that he allowed the supernal truths of Christianity to supersede in him, and to bring to nought, all lesser, feeble, and more imperfect systems of morality, as the rod of Aaron swallowed up the rods of the Egyptian *Magi*;—may be regarded as grave objections by certain teachers of the present day, French, English, American, and German. But is Mr. Taylor of the number? Are there two prime rules of right, two sources of moral authority?—is there any clear fountain of spiritual truth, but the revelation of God?

So patent is this adaptation (both natural and determined) of Wesley's mind to the accomplishment of Wesley's work, that it is sometimes forced upon Mr. Taylor himself, who acknowledges (at p. 24) that "this intellectual characteristic is not to be spoken of with regret." Then why recur so frequently to the absence of a faculty of very secondary or doubtful merit, and particularly in a case where its presence would have been an absolute blemish and hindrance? To say the least, it is an intrusion so irrelevant as to mar very seriously the clearness and interest of this performance, whether considered as a personal portraiture of Wesley, or as a thoughtful estimate of the normal principles of Methodism.

But there is an ulterior purpose in this depreciation. It is intended to suggest and encourage the idea of essential weakness in the structure of Wesleyan Methodism and great defectiveness in its system of theology. But here again the inconsistency already noticed very strikingly appears, and defeats the purpose. The administrative genius of Wesley is just that which Mr. Taylor himself allows,

and the prosperity and permanence of Wesley's institute supply a much better and more convincing proof of the sagacity and wisdom of its Founder, than even this liberal admission on his part; while, as to the peculiar doctrines of Methodism, this at least is in favor of their profound and scriptural truth,—that they not only found a response in the hearts of the people, but brought forth—again with Mr. Taylor's admission—all the fruits and graces of the Christian character.

Mr. Taylor is continually annoyed by a recollection of Wesley's evangelical Arminianism, especially in connection with the wide success of his ministerial labors. He seems to regard, with something like contempt, that body of doctrinal teaching which, if he better understood it, he would not stigmatize as forming a "crude theology." We are quite at a loss to know Mr. Taylor's requirements for a perfect theological system, except that "system it must not be at all, nor its language any thing so poor as theological." This is not unlike the teaching of Mr. Theodore Parker, who repudiates dogmatic theology altogether. Again, Mr. Wesley's preaching was "clear of Calvinistic fanaticism and bad taste," and yet "carried with it, in the view of thoughtful men, the undiminished load of its difficulties. Lighten this load at all, and Methodism could not have spread, and would not have been." We should like Mr. Taylor to have been more explicit here. The *difficulties* of religion (as infidels conceive) are common both to the Calvinist and the Arminian creed; but not so the *inconsistencies*, which in the former are manifest and insurmountable. Besides, was every effect due to natural depravity, also common to both parties, and none to the doctrine of free grace? "The unmitigated fact that reprobation assumes, Wesley also assumes." Pray, what fact? Reprobation is not peculiar in assuming the eternal punishment of sin, but for tracing back the cause, both of sin and of its punishment, to the unalterable decrees of God. Mr. Taylor's views on the doctrine of election—we cannot gather precisely what they are, but only what they are *not*—lead him into frequent inconsistencies. He represents Whitefield as advancing "beyond his friend's position by the genuineness and simplicity of his Christian instincts." Were not, then, Wesley's instincts genuine and simple? Mr. Knox, and even Mr. Taylor himself in other places have assured us that they were. At any rate, this will not express the cause of the difference in opinion between these good men, regarding elective grace. Is it not more in harmony with the truth to say, that Whitefield's Christian instincts, by reason of their genuineness and simplicity, transcended the dark and narrow limits of Genevan doctrine, and forced

him to the proclamation of a free Gospel? With respect to Wesley, his earnest and successful ministry was in admirable keeping with his doctrinal teaching; for both illustrated alike the doctrine of divine influence in concurrence with human operation. Practically, these great Preachers were at one in the substance as well as power of their ministrations; but to Whitefield only might the hearer make retort, "You charge a helpless sinner with obstinacy for not forcing himself into a covenant which was not intended for his benefit, and transform the effect of sovereign purposes into a crime that aggravates the sinner's fate."

Mr. Taylor has much sympathy with, and admiration for, the evangelical mission of Methodism; but he has no patience with the pretensions of the Wesleyan Societies to form in combination a distinctive Church in which the services and sacraments of primitive Christianity are duly administered to members gathered out of the world, and the ministry of a pure word and doctrine is afforded to the flock of Christ. He does not seem so much to doubt whether they be, as whether they *ought* to be, susceptible of independent Church-fellowship. Some of Mr. Taylor's minor exceptions we can partly make out; but his grand and cardinal objection, founded, we suppose, upon his own peculiar Church-idea, we cannot understand; nor does he seem to think his reader entitled to appreciate his meaning. "When we have affirmed," says he, "once and again in these pages, that Wesley did not construct a CHURCH,—a main part of what we mean finds its interpretation at this point: Methodism was a proclamation of the Gospel, lasting its season, and doing its work: *Wesleyan* Methodism was an economy well adapted to the purpose of sustaining that aggressive movement, after the impulse in which it originated should have subsided. But when it comes to be considered as a permanent system of religious discipline, as toward the people, it presents itself under an aspect far too special, and, one might say, too well adapted to the rude masses with which chiefly it has been conversant, to be entitled to the praise implied, if we were to call it a Church. If the rejoinder should come in the form of an animated question, 'Where then is *your* Church?'—this is a question to which we are not bound, in this place, to supply an answer." Now, Mr. Taylor is not bound to answer this very reasonable question, only because he is not bound to write intelligibly; and, in this sense, indeed, he was not *bound* to write at all upon the subject. He has taken, however, a sure way to make his objection unanswerable, perhaps because it was the only way to insure its being so. Till we know what Mr. Taylor desiderates in a Christian

Church, we cannot tell upon what principle Wesleyan Methodism is by him refused "the praise implied" by such a designation. What makes this conduct more perplexing, is the fact, that the only theory which seems to oppose insuperable objections to such a recognition of Wesleyanism,—namely that of the apostolical succession as held by High-Church members of the Establishment,—is just that which Mr. Taylor seems to have given up as untenable; "for it," says he, "must either break itself upon Methodism, or must consign Methodism and its millions of souls to perdition, in as peremptory a manner as that in which the Church of Rome fixes its anathema upon heretical nations." We cannot doubt to which of these alternatives Mr. Taylor holds. His "Christian instincts," if not his preconceived ideas, must restrain him from a conclusion that is both monstrous and absurd. But if early Methodism was "a proclamation of the Gospel" to those who were hitherto uncared for, wherein is the economy of *Wesleyan* Methodism deficient, in its attempt to provide for the spiritual necessities of those whom it has been instrumental in gathering out of the world? Its "aspect," we are told, is "too special towards the people." This is a curious phrase, that would probably have been felicitous, if it had not stopped short of being intelligible. Does our author mean that too much care is taken of the poor of Christ's flock? or, is it a fatal sign, that any Church should *have* so many poor? In either of these cases, we are compelled to differ widely from Mr. Taylor. But if he would insinuate,—what he certainly does not assert,—that the pastoral duties and religious privileges of a Christian Church are not duly administered or provided by the Wesleyan economy, he betrays small acquaintance with, or little candor towards, the community of which he so confidently speaks. To say that Wesley did not design to construct a Church, is only to add another testimony to his purely evangelical motives; but, more than this, it necessarily refers to a far higher origin, what our author is at some pains in another place to disparage, as being merely human and temporary. Grant, then, that what Wesley conscientiously *proposed*, the providence of God otherwise, but yet more graciously, *disposed*,—largely employing its servant's gifts of industry and zeal and wisdom, but taking the event out of his hands, going far beyond the limits of one man's mortal powers, and bringing, by successive and appropriate agencies, a society of true believers to exercise the independent action of a church-community. Of a lineage such as this no Christian body has need to be ashamed. Born within the pale of the national reformed Church, but pastured in forbidden fields, which Heaven yet deigned

to bless and fertilize, Methodism became gradually isolated in position, but never alienated in affection, from the fold of her birth. And, pure from the taint of ambitious hands, it is not unwarrantable to suppose, that the means which human piety and wisdom have devised for the furtherance of this evangelical mission, may be still seconded by the divine blessing, and supplemented as heretofore, by the timely providence of God. Thus Christ is the Author and Head of this as well as of every other section of his Church; and if, for convenience' sake, it is sometimes called by a human name, no candid person will be offended or alarmed by this circumstance. A name is but a necessary expedient; and Mr. Taylor might as well argue that a local name (as that of the Church of England) forbids the notion of catholicity as that a human one debars a church so designated from divine adoption and permanent success.

How little Mr. Taylor was justified in his more vague and general condemnation of the Wesleyan system, may be inferred from his remarks on one of its characteristic features. On the subject of class and band-meetings, he is full of contradictions. They offend his fastidious prejudices, yet evidently commend themselves to his Christian judgment. He cannot but esteem them of "ambiguous tendency," yet is of opinion that "the actual mischiefs resulting from them are probably much less than theoretically they would seem likely to produce." So it is, that our author's theories are continually rebuked by the irresistible evidence of facts. But, after this admission, betokening an evident misgiving of his former prejudice, with strange inconsistency he speaks of Wesley's acting in this manner, in terms worthy of Bishop Lavington himself. "What could he imagine would be the consequence of instructing his Class-Leaders to demand of each member an unreserved exposure of a week's sins and temptations? What is it that could be the product of such disorgements, when each was solemnly enjoined, with a remorseless disregard of delicacy, of reserve, of diffidence, to pour forth, before all, the moral evils of the past seven days? May there not be some ground for the alleged comparative harmlessness of auricular confession?" Mr. Taylor is fond of the interrogative style, perhaps because it seems to commit him to no positive censure, where he is doubtful whether praise would not be the more appropriate language. It is the manner of those who prefer to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike." But, in deference to his literary character, let us humbly imitate him in this particular, and ask, "Are the hearts of believers, then, so foul, that, like thieves in a jail, their mutual confessions form only a budget of depravity and vice, in which each

succeeding speaker so far improves and heightens the relation, as to shock the comparative modesty of those that went before? And was it so in the ancient Church, when "they that feared the Lord spake often one with another," or in the primitive Church, when Christians were required to "confess their faults one to another, and to pray one for another, that they might be healed?" And was this the edifying practice that Bishop Taylor—that eminent Prelate of the English Church—recommended in his treatise of "Holy Living," "that he who would preserve his humility, should choose some spiritual person to whom he shall oblige himself to discover his very thoughts and fancies, every act of his, and all his intercourse with others, in which there is danger?" And, for the bugbear of Romish auricular confession, by which is it more nearly approached,—the Methodist custom of six or more meetings for mutual improvement in spiritual things, or this church-counsel of *one unbosoming to one only*? We think Mr. Taylor has not made sufficient use of his knowledge, either of scripture-precept, or catholic practice. If he had candidly examined the principles and customs of Wesleyan Methodism by these standards,—which are, nevertheless, of very different value and authority,—he would have found very little either of novelty or danger in that system of church-fellowship, and nothing to warrant his anticipation of its speedy dissolution.

Mr. Taylor's volume closes with a section, entitled "The Methodism of the Future;" but we will not be so unjust as to criticize what we so little understand,—for, though we might plead his own example for the practice, we must, in such case, have only his indifferent success for our reward, and that would not content us. The obscurity of this section is due, perhaps, in part, to its prophetic object, and, in part to its transcendental manner. The only impression we gather from it, is not favorable to Mr. Taylor's prospective view; for it does not seem that the most plain and powerful truths of Christianity are (in his opinion) to be most operative in the coming Methodism; and the world's hope, as we think, rests still on them.

We have left ourselves but little room to speak of the last book on our list. Small as the volume is, it is the production of two authors; and merits, on more accounts than one, a notice disproportioned to its size. The first essay, entitled "Wesley the Worthy," is by Dr. Dobbin, of Hull; and the second, called "Wesley the Catholic," by the Rev. Charles Adams, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The former, we believe, has no lineal connection with the personal labors of Wesley; but it is evident, that he has drunk largely into his religious spirit, and deems him unrivalled as an evangelical reformer. Dr. Dobbin speaks with the earnest-

ness, not of a partisan, but of a kindred soul; he has caught a glimpse of one who comes very near to his ideal of moral greatness, and kindles in its contemplation. His eloquence is likely to infect the reader with a like wholesome admiration. We believe there is profound truth in this generous recognition. All intellectual attributes aside, the greatness of John Wesley was a *moral greatness*; and, in this sublime particular, we know not if he ever had an equal. An *indomitable will* and *unbounded benevolence*: these are the diagnostic characters of the highest type of man; and these, as Dr. Dobbin finds, are more strongly marked and more thoroughly developed in John Wesley, than in any creature of whom we have a record. And what were the results of the sustained and well-directed labors of this man? Our author tells us in few words. "There were no Bible, Tract, or Missionary Societies then, to employ the Church's powers, and indicate its path of duty. But Wesley started them all. He wrote, and printed, and circulated books, in thousands upon thousands of copies. He set afloat home and foreign missions. The Church and the world were alike asleep; he sounded the loud trumpet of the Gospel; and awoke the world to tremble, and the Church to work. Never was such a scene before in this land. The correctness and maturity of his views amid the deep darkness surrounding him is startling, wonderful; like the idea of a catholic Church springing up

amid a sectarian Judaism. It is mid-day without the antecedent dawn; it beggars thought; it defies explanation."

The other essay included in this little volume is contributed by American Methodism to the just memory of its venerated English Founder. What the United States are to Great Britain, such is the Methodist Church in America to the parent Society in this country,—independent in action, but identical in origin, animated by the same great principles, and honoring alike a thousand beautiful traditions. And in this paper of Mr. Adams we have both an interesting example of catholicity, and a testimony to the catholicity of Wesley. This is the feature, perhaps, most characteristic of his long career: he was emphatically "*the friend of all, the enemy of none.*" No reformer that the world ever saw so remarkably united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of revelation, with charity towards men of every church and creed. And it is to this principle of true religion that his Transatlantic follower now appeals. "Needs there not the mighty shower to gladden and refresh the multitudes, urging us, if we have wandered, back to the original, the true position and action, and calling us again to the childlike simplicity, the undying zeal, the all-abounding love of Wesley the Catholic?" Is it not something like this that we should look for in the *Methodism of the Future*?

TELEGRAPHIC INVENTION.—The *Official Venice Gazette* states, in a special article, that the Olympic Academy of Vicenza, having carefully examined the discovery made by their fellow-citizen Tremeschini of electric telegraphy by secret transmission, has publicly declared it to be a successful invention. The commission appointed to test its efficacy was composed of the councillor-delegate, of the Podesta, the superior commissary, and the Academic council. The first experiment consisted in sending and receiving a despatch in the common way, without secrecy. In the second experiment a despatch was sent secretly, and the answer received in the same manner, by the aid of the new apparatus. In the third a despatch was sent openly, and the answer received secretly, to show that the secret apparatus might be used or suspended at will. The results of the inquiry are said to show—first, that the apparatus of Tremeschini may be applied to Morse's telegraph; secondly, that when the despatch is sent secretly it can only be received so, any fraud in that respect being subject to immediate detection; thirdly, that secrecy may be suspended or applied at pleasure.—*Athenaeum*.

A MONUMENT TO JENNER.—(To the Secretary of the Committee for the Jenner Monument.)—Sir, The note you address to me this morning

is very honorable to your feelings, and very satisfactory to mine. You know I am no friend to monuments: but if ever monument was due to mortal man, it is due to Jenner. The delicacy of the French Emperor, at once magnificent and frugal, withheld him from subscribing to a larger sum than has been given by our own Prince Albert. Each of these illustrious personages may feel grateful (if princes ever do) for death warded off from those who are the dearest to them, and at a period when no other than the tenderest affections can be excited. Louis Napoleon has little to spare from the decoration of his capital and the defence of Europe: and his Royal Highness Prince Albert can hardly be expected to exceed the donation of twenty-five pounds out of his scanty pocket-money of only fifty or sixty thousand a year. Perhaps the people of England might be well pleased if the memory of their greatest benefactor and of the world's, had been honored at the value of one diamond, the smallest of those which, it is reported, have lately been presented to royal hands in this country. I am, Sir, with high respect, etc.,

W. S. LANDOR.

The Bey of Tunis, who has the reputation of being one of the four best chess-players in the world, has challenged the Jouffroy Passage Club, at Paris, to a rubber Game for £1000. The first game has begun.

From The Economist, 24 Dec.

RUSSIAN HOSTILITY TO COMMERCE.

NAVIGATION OF THE DANUBE.

SOME good, amid much evil, may arise from the present war between Turkey and Russia, if England and France as well as the Ottoman Porte are alive to the immense importance of taking advantage of the abrogation of the previous treaties consequent on the outbreak of hostilities, in order to revise and abate the pretensions of Russia, and to place the relations between that ambitious Power and her neighbors and rivals upon a fairer and more satisfactory footing than that which has, for many years existed. We are desirous of calling the attention of British merchants and the British Government to the conduct of the Northern Potentate with regard to the trade and navigation of the Danube, in order that they may insist upon an entire change of system in future, as a *sin quid non* to their accession to any settlement of the present dispute. That we must be no parties to a pacification based upon the *status quo ante bellum*, will we think be obvious to all, when they shall be made aware of a few facts suited to show what that *status quo* really was. We do not vouch for the perfect accuracy of the statements, concise and condensed as they must necessarily be, which we are about to make: we take them from the works of recent travellers, of writers acquainted with the countries spoken of, and of merchants engaged in trade therewith; we make them in presence of those who can contradict them if untrue, and can correct them if inaccurate or exaggerated; and we invite attention and correction. We ourselves entertain no doubt of their substantial truth; and if true, it will scarcely be denied that a strong and imperative case has been made out for the most prompt and resolute action on the part of our Government as well as that of Turkey.

The encroachments of Russia on the Northern Provinces of Turkey, and her endeavors to obtain a control over their trade and internal administration, have been incessant for three quarters of a century. They began with the treaty of Kainardji in 1774; they continued to the treaty of Balta Liman in 1849; and they have been consummated by the forcible seizure of the Danubian Principalities in the present year. But as we do not wish to embarrass our statement with anything unnecessary or extraneous, we need only now refer to the treaties of 1812 and 1829 between Turkey and Russia. By the former, Russia obtained the cession of Bessarabia, which brought her alongside of the Danube from the point where the Pruth joins it to its *débouchement* in the Black Sea;—by the latter, she obtained the cession of the entire Delta of the Danube, including all its three mouths, and thereby the

complete control of the navigation of the river—a river peculiarly belonging to Austria and Turkey as the two States through whose territories it flows throughout nearly the whole of its course—but declared by the treaty of Vienna (in 1815) to be the open highway of all nations, and as such placed under the guarantee of the international law of Europe. By that treaty it was further provided that “the navigation of rivers along their whole navigable course shall be entirely free (art. 109); that no increase on the tolls now payable shall take place, except with the common consent of the States bordering on those rivers (art. 111); and that each State shall be at the expense of keeping the towing-paths in good repair and the navigation open and *free from all obstruction*.” (art. 113.) In 1840, a further treaty (to which we were not parties, but to which we appear to have submitted) was negotiated between Russia and Austria, in virtue of which it was stipulated that the former Power should levy a tax on all vessels entering the Danube by the Salina or middle mouth, and in consideration thereof, should undertake to maintain the necessary works for keeping the entrance unobstructed and a sufficient depth of water on the bar. The most important concession, however, to our present purpose which Russia gained was by a clause in the treaty of 1829, empowering her to establish quarantine not only at the mouth of the river but between the Southern and Northern shores of the Turkish portion of it, i. e. between Bulgaria and Moldo-Wallachia—*between two portions of the Turkish territory*. Let us now see the purpose for which she desired this privilege, and the use which she has made of it.

The purpose and the use were, alike, twofold—political and commercial. By establishing, under pretext of sanitary regulations, impediments to communication between the Principalities and the rest of the Turkish dominions, she obtained a lever for incessant interference and paramount control over the administration of these Provinces, and hoped to prepare the way for their gradual detachment from Turkey and attachment to herself. The natural place for quarantine barriers, if keeping out the plague had been the object aimed at, was on the frontier—along the Pruth:—the establishment of lazarettos and custom-houses between two portions of the dominions of another State, was a wholly unprecedented and monstrous pretension. However, she gained it, from the weakness of her foe and the apathy of other States; and now she uses it to impede all communication, both of travellers and merchants, between the right and left bank (*both Turkish*) of the river. Not only have travellers who wish to cross to pass a four-days' quarantine, but their papers are in addition seized and examined, and any particulars deem-

ed suspicious forwarded to the Russian agents at Bucharest. "The produce of the right bank pays duty on entering the Principalities: merchandise, having already paid full duties in Turkey, is again taxed, on the left bank of the Danube, though still within the empire; and grain, purchased in the Bulgaria, cannot be brought to the opposite provinces of the same empire, even for the purpose of exportation."

Vessels clearing at Liverpool or London for Danubian ports, if they wish to avoid being sent to Odessa for a forty-days' quarantine, or being kept at Galatz sometimes for sixty-five, and exposed to all the loss, danger, and expense of such detention, must pay to the Russian consuls in Great Britain fees amounting to often £100 a cargo. "On each bale, even of metal, 6s 4d to 6s 8d are demanded. All goods called *susceptible*, must have the bales, cases, or casks containing them covered with tarpaulins, and must be sealed by the Russian consul at the port of shipment, while that functionary gives a certificate. The seals and certificates of no other consuls are received or respected. The Danubian quarantine thus entails on British trade an additional expense (besides all other costs in performing it) of £18,000 per annum." And this, it must be borne in mind, is levied on vessels *not bound for Russian ports at all*, but merely passing through the mouth of a river which Russia has unfairly monopolized. Again, the vessels which perform quarantine on the Danube, have to undergo all the barbarisms of the Russian system, which differs from those adopted by all other European nations. "A vessel never gets *pratique* at all, unless it be specially applied for by the captain, who must thus volunteer to undergo all the vexatious formalities imposed upon him. The sails, running-rigging, etc., must be put into the hold and fumigated, with all the clothes of the crew, during four-and-twenty hours, with the hatches shut down. Every person on board is obliged to remain on deck for a whole day and night, whatever may be the state of the weather. The hatches are then opened, the master and crew have to strip in the presence of a medical officer and the quarantine-agents on deck, and go below naked to put on the clothes which have been smoked in the hold, and those left on deck by them are taken to the lazaretto to be smoked. It is to be remarked that there are sometimes females on board English merchant ships. *The term of quarantine then commences.*" The intolerable inconvenience and expense of such a system can scarcely be conceived. We give one specimen of an individual case, stated by the author of the *Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk*:—"A captain of an English vessel paid, a few months since, at Galatz, 135 piastres for the quarantine-tax for nine persons composing his crew, 2½ for the ticket given him, 435 for the pay of the guard

who remained on board during the term of observation, 150 for the pay of two guards charged with watching his ship during the time of expurgation, and 90 piastres for the hire of a carriage to bring the inspector to visit the vessel daily—in all, 820 piastres. *The ship was kept sixty-five days in quarantine, merely because she had a cargo on board, and consequently could not go through the process of smoking her sails, running-rigging, etc., in the hold.* The manufactured goods which she carried, and which were classed as susceptible of conveying contagion, *were enclosed in tarpaulin covers, with certificates from the Russian consul at the shipping port.* He was furnished with a *clean bill of health from Constantinople*, and she was thirty days under the observation of the local authorities before her quarantine commenced, as she went from Galatz to Ibraile, and thence to Ziglina, where a guard was placed on board. She was in a most hazardous position during her quarantine, as the sudden breaking up of the ice on the Danube might have endangered the lives of her crew, as well as the property of the shippers, which was worth £8,000." It is wonderful how any trade at all can be carried on with countries where such barbarous and vexatious embarrassments are tolerated. How far the fear of the plague is a real ground, and how far it is a mere pretext for this anti-commercial barrier and restriction, may be guessed when we remind our readers that the plague has scarcely been known in Turkey for twenty years; that these restrictions are equally in force when the plague is and is not reported to exist; that they are enforced against ships arriving *direct* from England; that they are enforced against ships furnished by the proper consular authorities (sanctioned and joined by Russia) at Constantinople with clean bills of health; and finally that they are *partial*—inasmuch as vessels arriving from or by Constantinople must perform *fourteen days' quarantine* on the Danube, and are allowed to escape with *four* only at Odessa; and at Silistria an Englishman, who visited it in an official character, states that while "travellers" were subjected to fifteen days' quarantine, "Russians" had only to undergo a graduated scale,—ten days for privates; five, for a captain; three, for a field-officer; and *none*, for a superior officer.

But quarantine impediments and unwarrantable dues are not the only interference with trade of which Turkey, Austria, and Europe at large have to complain. In defiance of solemn obligation, in defiance of admitted treaty, in defiance of repeated remonstrance, Russia has purposely allowed (if she has not aided) the Sulina, or main, channel of the Danube to be blocked up, so as now only to be navigable for vessels of the smallest burden. She engaged to keep this river open, and she

has not done so. She levies dues on condition of doing so, yet she refuses to fulfil the condition. Nothing would be easier. The bar at the river is not formed by the regurgitation of the sea-sand, but merely by a deposit of river-mud, which needs only to be raked up and disturbed incessantly in order to be washed away. When Turkey possessed this mouth, she made every ship drag a rake or dredge behind her for this purpose; and the consequence was, that a depth of 16 or 18 feet of water was constantly maintained. Since it fell under the barbarous sway of Russia, the average depth has diminished to 9 or 11 feet. Not only will she not employ dredges herself, as bound by treaty to do; but, it is said, that she not only discourages but prohibits their use by others. She is purposely closing up the channel. And this statement rests on no mere complaints of aggrieved shipowners. By Lord Palmerston's own admission in the House of Commons, on the 7th of July last, it appeared that the charge of at least gross and intentional neglect of engagement was irrefragable; that repeated remonstrances on the subject had been made to St. Petersburg; that the neglect had been admitted, but that no remedy had been applied, and no redress obtained. The consequence of this scandalous breach of duty and of treaty is, that nearly all vessels have to *tranship their cargoes into lighters* EXCLUSIVELY RUSSIAN — and thus not only incur great expense but great danger when the weather is bad. The increased cost is estimated at 3s per quarter on wheat, and often amounts to £300 on a whole cargo; besides which, if a storm, as often happens, should come on during the process of transhipment, "the vessel must get up her anchor, or slip it and stand out to sea, or go ashore; and the lighters make the best of their way into the river, and in doing so are sometimes lost, and much oftener damaged, with all the grain they may contain."

Now what is the motive of this uncivilized, dishonest, and indefensible conduct on the part of Russia. The political motive we have already stated: the commercial motive is simply jealousy of the Danubian Provinces. Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria produce precisely the same articles as Russia — espe-

cially as those Russian provinces which *debouche* at Odessa. Bulgarian wheat and maize is a formidable rival, even now, to the wheat and maize of Poland and the Ukraine. Every impediment, therefore, thrown in the way of Danubian is a gain to Russian commerce. *Every ton shipped from Galatz is a ton less shipped from Odessa.* This explains the whole affair; and so successful have the mean intrigues and contrivances of Russia been for the accomplishment of her end, that, notwithstanding the delays and expenses arising from stupidity and venality at Odessa, freights thence to England are only 8s 6d a quarter for wheat against 13s from Galatz, according to one statement which lies before us. According to another, the advantage of the Russian port varies from 10s 6d to 3s a qr. The Provinces bordering on the Danube are rich in more than agricultural resources; they produce (*like Russia*) metals, rock-salt, timber, hides, tallow, wool, hemp, and grain; and were their trade and navigation free, might furnish us with immeasurable quantities of all these articles, and by their rivalry with Russia cheapen them enormously. Russia knows this well, and we have allowed her to prevent it.

If these statements can be impugned or weakened, we may be quite sure that a contradiction will be speedily put forth. If they are not and cannot be impugned, then our readers, we are certain, will agree with us in the conclusion that England cannot decently, wisely, or creditably, concur in any arrangement of the Eastern quarrel which restores the *status quo*, or which does not provide for the entire relinquishment by Russia of all the claims which former treaties have given her to interfere in the Principalities; which does not drive back her frontier to the Pruth in fact as well as in name; which does not DEPRIVE HER NOT ONLY OF HER RIGHT TO ESTABLISH A QUARANTINE ON THE DANUBE, BUT OF ALL CONTROL OVER ITS MOUTH; or, failing in that, which does not provide for the opening of a free ship-canal from Hirsova to Kustendji, so as to render the entrance of the river wholly Turkish and independent of Russia; and, finally, which does not throw open the Black Sea, in time of peace, to the navies of all nations.

EXPENSIVE DRINKING. — Madeira wine is the grand beverage of the United States, whenever it can be got — in perfection, if possible, but in any condition rather than not at all. An American thinks of his finest Madeira, what an Englishman and a Frenchman think of their port and claret, or what a dweller by the Rhine thinks of his hock; and he will pay a far greater price for it, than all these together will disburse for the beverage they prefer. We had more than

one opportunity of tasting, at the table of an American millionaire, white Madeira wine, for which the enormous price of sixteen dollars (£3. 6s. 8d. in English currency) per bottle had been given — something very much like 5s. 6d. per glass; and the princely donor remarked, that if he knew where it was possible to procure more, he would willingly give the same sum for any quantity of it. — *Bunn's Old England and New England.*

From The Examiner.

A COMMON GOOD.

"Rightly to know
That which about us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."—MILTON.

SOMETHING of insight into what Education really means is actually making its appearance at last. Lord Ashburton offers at his own cost a series of valuable prizes, as incitements to a study of "Common Things," by the young people trained in Hantz and Wilts as teachers of the poor. The notion pleases every one, and no objection is heard to it. The example is to be followed in other counties. The Dean of Hereford promises to make trial of it, so does Miss Burdett Coutts, so do Lords Lansdowne and Granville. In short, Lord Ashburton has happily contrived to attack a weak part of the prevailing habit in what we call Education, without exciting into anger or suspicion against him any sort of vested rights or wrongs. Wonderful to say, he has absolutely begun upon a small scale, not amid resistance but acquiescence on all sides, a vital educational reform.

He begins the reform where he thinks it most needed. No doubt the poor suffer most from their ignorance of common things, but it is very far from an ignorance peculiar to the poor. In so far as education is concerned, as we commonly agree to accept it, it is an ignorance all-pervading. There is not a regular educational establishment in the United Kingdom, whether Oxford Don or village dame be the light-giving sun and centre of its system, that does not peremptorily need to have its methods reformed. As we said the other day, in remarking on Lord Stanley's speech at Bury, nobody is in the way of obtaining what deserves the name of education until they have arrived quite at the end of what usurps the name of it. Narrowly observe a youth who quits the university with distinction, and you will find for the most part that he has still all useful knowledge to learn. In the lower grades of life the race has been between the same sort of education to learn nothing that is good, and the more attractive education of learning everything that is bad. And if any one would see which wins in the race, let him look to Preston and the prisons.

Lord Ashburton's proposed education is the knowledge of Common Things. Unhappily it is the characteristic of the pedagogue proper to account things common as things unclean. Schoolmasters the most earnest and conscientious, men of high attainments, coop young and active boys together in close rooms, hour after hour, like Strasburgh geese, cramming them with particles of Greek, and forcing one bit of

expense of all the rest of him. The victims of such training are sent out into the world with a tumor of Greek and Latin carefully developed, or, it may be with a fatty lump of mathematics got in an unwholesome way. Of this the best that we can hope for the future is, that it will subside (as it does) in the course of time, and that, as the boy of necessity grows subject to an active call on his neglected parts, these will be forced into action. In other words, we may indulge the sanguine expectation that, by the time he has lived some forty years or so in the world, he may have disencumbered himself of the most part of what is useless to him, and got into a proper state for the reception of something useful. Not that we need ever expect him to arrive at anything like a fair balance of knowledge. Never can his be the harmony or breadth of information that should belong to a man educated in a natural and normal way. Always hanging about him, in some form or other, will be the discomfort and dyspepsy of the *foie gras* established in his youth. Able to digest only certain kinds of things, he must remain at best in a weakly condition to the end of the chapter.

As for the education of English girls, perhaps the best to be said will be that it is an enormous credit to their nature, and a new title to our admiration, that they can possibly be what they are, in spite of all that Girl-Schools strive to make them. Even in what are called the better classes, great must be the unhappiness carried home from the fashionable eclectic school-system. Swift's remark is still as applicable as when first made. The Dean touched upon a truth which any one may daily confirm, when he said that so many marriages were unhappy because young ladies spent their time in making nets and not in making cages.

We call the system of schools eclectic. It selects for the utmost notice all that is least worthy, and sets aside that which is noblest. Our educators are like those bad readers who fill their mouths with prepositions and conjunctions, and the words that have no force, but who slur over the verbs and nouns. For what are the common things of life but the real verbs and nouns of knowledge? Common we call them — meaning that they are universal, that they have in them a breath of the infinite and the eternal. How plants grow, and may be cultivated; why the wind blows; how the fresh air may be brought into our homes, and why it must be brought there; how our bodies grow, and under what laws, and according to what rules therefore, from birth upward, they must be nourished, if they are not to grow pale and waste, or fall into premature decay; what is the aim and use of pleasure and of pain, of rest and toil; what are the laws that arise out of the essential and divinely-or-

dained constitution of the human mind, wherever men assemble in societies — these things are among what we call Common Things; and all these questions may be so put and answered as to lead to the most ennobling contemplation of the works of God. Such knowledge may even serve as well as a catechism to make a child religious. At the same time it teaches what every day we need and ought to know. It is knowledge that enables its possessors to do good to themselves, and to keep harm from their neighbors. Its complete diffusion would destroy pestilence and tumult, put an end to strikes and revolutions, and neutralize at least the poisonous ingredient which belongs now to the cup of poverty.

Of course it must be long before we see it so diffused. But too much time has been lost already to waste more in beginning on any general plan. Let us at once do what we can with what is proposed, and heartily coöperate with Lord Ashburton. He begins with the poor, and it is right that we should so begin. It is not that their need of this kind of knowledge is sorer than that of the rich, but that their sufferings are so much the greater because of such need. To the poor man and poor woman a training into it is before all things essential. The rich can buy the produce of it. They can conceal in many ways, even from themselves, a poverty of mind. But the poor, whose minds are starved, or fed into disease by unfit diet, have nothing left but to grovel. With the utmost ease the poor man's wife might be enabled to acquire in her short years of schooling the practical knowledge which would show her how to perform her few social and household duties, as well as why to perform them. She might learn when, and why, to be contented

with her husband's wages; how to obtain, with her housekeeping money, the utmost nourishment and help from well-selected food and clothing: how above all to cook the food she purchases, and make her husband relish her potatoes (will not Lord Ashburton give a prize for the best boiled potatoe?), and be proud of her many little costless palatable dishes. The man might be enabled to understand his place in creation, to know whom his work helps and how he is himself helped by it, why he does it and what it means. He might be enabled, when at home, to look about his house, to correct unwholesome conditions, to establish little conveniences that would be called for by the wants of his more civilized state, to make the best of a small garden, to see that his wife's indulgence did not lead her to give to their infants what he knows would make them sickly, and to watch intelligently over the training of his little ones. It would beget in him also, some wish to improve himself, to improve his own skill — and with his skill his value, and his social rank.

Heartily, then, do we wish success to Lord Ashburton's wise and benevolent plan, of which the object is to produce this effect by establishing one of the causes that alone can lead to it. It is concerned only with those upon whom its operation is most essential, and on whom the want of such a system presses with the most cruel severity. But the movement is one which affects all teachers, and must extend sooner or later throughout every kind of school. As matters stand at present, just as common sense is the most uncommon sense in the world, so what should be familiar things are in all ranks of society, the most unfamiliar and least commonly known.

TURKISH NATIONAL HYMN. — Since Poetry — especially the lyrical form of it — has become a power in the State, it may be interesting to our readers to hear that a Turkish poet, Halis Efendi, has written a national hymn, in the style of the *Marseillaise*, which his countrymen are described as repeating with extraordinary zest and energy. Philosophers affect to despise poetry, and Plato banished the poets from his model republic; but in moments of crises like that which now shakes the Orient, it is always found that men will bear, and dare, and aspire more greatly under the sway of lyrical passion than without the exultation of nerve and brain produced by this subtle and spiritual power. The Spartans needed a Tyrtaeus. Roger de Lisle nerved the arms which beat down one after another the kings of Europe. Körner roused all Germany to action. Becker's lyric saved the Rhine provinces, and won for the author two royal pensions. The revolution of '48 was effected to the chorus of *Mourir pour la Patrie*; and the splendid Hungarian campaign of '49 was

made to the *Kossuth March*. Our own Commonwealth was introduced by a psalm tune; and James II. was frightened out of three kingdoms by a chorus. Dibdin and Campbell did nearly as much for the British Navy as Nelson and Collingwood, — either song-writer certainly did more than Selden, Pepys, all the other antiquarian prosers about the sovereignty of the seas put together. It is of no small moment, then, that a native poet should have drawn from the rock those living waters of song which at once satisfy the common craving and fortify the national zeal. To those who have a merely human interest in the contest of Turk and Russ, it is pleasant to catch the voice of the Muses beside the thunder of cannon, if it be only as the expression of another and a nobler influence in the affairs of men. — *Athenæum*.

The electric telegraph between Stockholm and Upsala is so much employed as to be paying. A line is about to be laid down to Helsingberg, to meet the Danish in Elsinore.

From The Economist, 31 Dec.

WAR WITH A DESPOT.

WE are beginning to see the warlike and sanguinary consequences of a too pacific policy. While we have been talking and writing, our antagonist has been acting and our ally has been suffering. We cannot, of course, pretend to say what motives may have caused the long endurance, the exhaustless patience, and irrepressible hopes which our Government has shown throughout the dread history of the last nine months. We have no doubt these motives were honest and benevolent, and we can well suppose them to have seemed strong; but it must now be pretty obvious to every one that our course has been a mistaken and a mischievous one; and that by temporizing with justice and seeking to compromise with crime—by counting consequences too much and regarding right too little—we have brought both upon ourselves and our allies worse evils, greater expenditure of life and treasure, a more serious and longer struggle, and a more distant and doubtful issue, than if we had from the very outset of the dispute made up our minds to operate with greater vigor and to calculate with less caution. The heavy and ruinous expenses consequent on calling forth the armed forces of the whole Turkish Empire, the severe losses recently sustained by the troops of the Porte in the Georgian territory, the fruitless slaughter at Matzchin, and the disgraceful and melancholy butchery at Sinope, would all have been avoided had we acted at first with the same spirit and resolution with which we shall have to act at last. We should have been spared other things also: our sailors would have been spared the pain and ignominy of standing idle while those whom they were sent to encourage and protect were slaughtered by an overwhelming force within a few miles of their guns; we should have avoided the doubts which our incredible patience and over long inaction have thrown upon our sincerity and cordiality, in the opinion both of our allies and of all Europe; we should have escaped the complication and extension of the quarrel caused by Persia's avowed and active hostility to Turkey, and the possible and not improbable result of disturbances on our Indian frontier. For no one supposes that Russia would for a moment have persisted in her aggression against the combined forces of the two most powerful nations of the West, joined to those of Turkey, if she had believed that we meant deeds and not words—if she had seen from the beginning that we were just as resolute and as ready as herself—as prompt to resent and punish wrong as she was to inflict it. Nor would Persia have been stirred up by any intrigues of the Czar to declare war against our

ally, if she had not concluded from our inexplicable inaction either that we could not be in earnest in supporting Turkey, or else that we were too weak or too timid to venture on hostilities with Russia. Persia has merely sided, as Oriental nations always do, with the party which seemed to her the strongest; and she has judged, as Oriental nations always do, our respective strength by our respective audacity.

The accounts that we possess are too imperfect, and the rumors afloat too contradictory, to enable us to ascertain with any clearness what we are now doing or about to do—whether our fleets have or have not entered the Black Sea, and what their orders are when they do enter—whether we are going at once to act against the common enemy of Europe, or whether we still intend to carry the formalities and *velleites* of peace into the stern actualities of war, and to approach our antagonist with a diplomatic note in the outstretched hand, and a drawn sword in the other carefully hidden behind our back. We confess we do not see how our active participation in the war can now well be avoided. Our country has shunned this as long as she could—perhaps longer than was wise; and now that it is forced upon her she has no reason to dread it. We have no fear whatever of the unfavorable result, or even of the long continuance of such a war, *if we enter upon it heartily*:—we have great fear of the consequences of any further attempt to avoid it, and still greater fear of the consequences of entering upon it in a half-hearted, languid, and reluctant spirit, and of thinking more of terminating it with saved honor than of crowning it with fruitful victory.

Nor do we feel the smallest compunction in the case. If there ever was a crime which called for the chastisement of war, it is the present crime of Russia. If there ever was an injury and aggression which called for armed resistance, it is that which Turkey has suffered. If ever forbearance has been met by arrogance, and long-suffering been repaid by insult, such is the treatment which France and England have met with at the hands of Russia. One consideration only presses strongly and painfully on our minds, and makes us regret the very necessity we admit;—and it is a very serious one. *This is a case in which we cannot punish the real criminal, at least not directly.* Russia is a despotic country. The will of Nicholas is law. The national policy is the expression of his passions. The people *may*, by hazard, share his pride, his ambition, his love of territorial aggrandizement, or they may not. It is a mere chance. In this case a portion probably does,—a larger portion, and that the portion nearest the seat of war, and most concerned in it, does not.

But the great bulk of the army and navy have, we well know, no knowledge, no care, no zeal, no enthusiasm about the matter. They are torn from their homes and families, forced into a service they abhor, drilled by an almost penal discipline, retained in a life of the severest hardship, and sent to fight against troops with whom they have no quarrel and towards whom they feel no animosity — whose condition, if much concurring evidence is to be relied upon, they actually envy. The Russian soldiers, on the whole, are as much the victims of the Czar's ambition and injustice as the Turks themselves. They and we are fellow-sufferers by his crime. *Yet it is on these fellow-victims and fellow-sufferers that our vengeance must be wreaked.* It is on them that we must avenge the guilt of their enemy and ours. They must be sacrificed for their master's fault. It is only through them that we can reach him. Even through them we can reach him only very imperfectly. It is probable enough that, when his passions are once aroused, he will care as little how many thousands of his subjects may be sacrificed and slain, as his enemies who slay them do. And when we have blockaded Cronstadt, and destroyed Sebastopol, and burnt the Russian navy, and blown up the Russian sailors, and annihilated one Russian corps d'armée after another, and thus at last compelled Nicholas to yield, we shall have the painful reflection that all this time we have been sacrificing the innocent for the offences of the guilty — we have been slaying the innocent agents and leaving unharmed the guilty chief — we have been destroying the mere passive or reluctant tools of the master workman, while he himself sat apart in his remote and inaccessible capitol, — mortified and irritated no doubt, but encountering no privation, resigning no luxury, receiving no wound

—commanding iniquity, but standing aloof from retribution — a criminal by deputy, and therefore punished only by vicarious inflictions.

Such are the fearful privileges of a despot! Such is the hard lot of his subjects! Such the embarrassing dilemma of his antagonists. His people have no voice in the decision which consigns them to destruction: his enemies have no alternative save that of submitting to his aggressions or destroying his guiltless instruments. They cannot strike at the head: they are obliged to mutilate the hands. It is a hard lot; but one inevitable when freemen have to make war on tyrants. And in the present instance our painful duty is rendered less embarrassing by the reflection that the only choice before us is between the massacre of the Russians and that of Turks. Blood will be shed; and it is far better, under any view of the subject, that this blood should be that of men whose Sovereign is the representative of insatiable and unprincipled ambition, than that of men whose Sovereign is now fighting for justice, honor, and national existence — that the life and money which must be lavished should be made to aid the cause of freedom, and to show forth the collateral evils which spring from uncontrolled autocracy. If we *must* engage in war, let us do it "with all our heart, with all our mind, with all our strength," with all our treasure, so as to make its duration as short as possible; and when the time arrives for dictating the terms of peace, do not let us, as heretofore, throw away, from a misplaced magnanimity to the vanquished, the fruits of our success, but insist upon such a treaty as shall leave no door open for a recurrence of the present unwelcome and severe necessity.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The great project for a system of telegraphs between Europe and America running along the islands of the North Sea — from the Orkneys to Shetland and the Faroe Islands, thence to Iceland, Greenland, Davis Strait and the shores of Labrador, and so on to Quebec — is occupying some attention in America, — where its necessity is doubted and its feasibility is denied. No doubt a series of lines traversing so many seas, and passing through countries so little reclaimed by man from the wildness of savage nature, would be difficult to maintain in good working order. But the question is, whether the magnetic fluid can be conveyed along wires uninterrupted for three thousand miles? If not, then the shorter stages must be found, at whatever amount of inconvenience. The *State of Maine*, an American journal, affirms that it may. Speaking on the authority of our well-known engineer, it writes: "Mr. Stephenson states, that a series of recent

experiments has established the fact, that by forming a complete wire circuit, — that is, by two connected wires, extended so as to return to the same point of departure, forming a complete metallic circuit, instead of using one wire connected with the ground, — the galvanic current may be sent to any conceivable distance without loss or diminution of power. The supposed weakness of the current is to be attributed to its interruption by cross currents, which cross currents are overcome or avoided by the continuous wire circuit. In this way, doubling the expense of the submarine cable, making with it a complete metallic circuit or double track by a return line, the galvanic current may be sent without sensible loss of power, from London to Portland or New York, or, at any rate, from Galway to Cape Race." A direct line, if it be only possible to lay down and work it, would possess advantages over a line through Greenland which are too obvious to need recital. — *Athenæum*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ART: A DRAMATIC TALE.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "PEG WOFFINGTON," ETC.

EARLY in the last century, two young women were talking together in a large apartment, richly furnished. One of these was Susan, cousin and dependant of Mrs. Anne Oldfield; the other was a flower girl, whom that lady had fascinated by her scenic talent. The poor girl was but one of many persons over whom Mrs. Oldfield had cast a spell; and yet this actress had not reached the zenith of her reputation.

The town, which does not always know its own mind about actors, applauded one or two of her rivals more than her, and fancied it admired them more.

Oldfield was the woman (there is always one) who used the tones of nature upon the stage, in that day; she ranted at times like her neighbors, but she never ranted out of tune like them; her declamation was nature, alias art—thundering; theirs was artifice—raving: her treatment of words was as follows;—she mastered them in the tone of household speech; she then gradually built up these simple tones into a gorgeous edifice of music and meaning; but though dilated, heightened, and embellished, they never lost their original truth. Her rivals started from a lie, so the higher they soared, the further they left truth behind them;—they do the same thing now, pretty universally.

The public is a very good judge; and no judge at all of such matters: I will explain.

Let the stage voice and the dramatic voice,—the artificial and the artistic,—the bastard and the legitimate,—the false and the true, be kept apart upon separate stages, and there is no security that the public will not, as far as hands go, applaud the monotone or lie, more than the melodious truth. But set the lie and the truth side by side—upon fair terms, and the public becomes what the critics of this particular art have never been—a critic; and stage bubbles, that have bubbled for years, are liable to burst in a single night.

Mrs. Oldfield was wise enough, even in her generation, to know that the public's powers of comparison require that the things to be compared shall be placed cheek by jowl before it; and this is why she had for some time manoeuvred to play, foot to foot, against Mrs. Bracegirdle, the champion of the stage.

Bracegirdle, strong in position, tradition, face, figure, and many qualities of an actor, was by no means sorry of an opportunity to quench a rising rival; and thus the two ladies were to act together in the "Rival Queens," within a few days of our story.

Roxana - - - Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.
Statira - - - Mrs. OLDFIELD.

The town, whose heart at that epoch was in

the theatre, awaited this singular struggle, in a state of burning excitement, we can no longer realize.

Susan Oldfield, first cousin of the tragedian, was a dramatic aspirant. Anne's success having travelled into the provinces, her aunt, Susan's mother, said to Susan, who was making a cream cheese, "You go an' act too, lass!"

"I will," said Susan, a-making of cream cheese.

Anne's mother remonstrated, "She can't do it."

"Why not, sister?" said Susan's mother, sharply.

Then ensued some reasoning.

"Anne," said the tragedian's mother, "was born clever. I can't account for it. She was always mimicking. She took off the exciseman, and the farmers, and her grandmother, and the very parson—how she used to make us laugh! Mimicking! why it was like a looking-glass, and the folks standing in front of it, and speaking behind it, all at one time; once I made her take me off; she was very loath, poor lass. I think she knew she could not do it so well as the rest; it wasn't like, though it made them all laugh more than the others; but the others were as like as faggot to faggot. Now, Susan, she can't take off nothing without 'tis the scald cream from the milk, and I've seen me beat her at that; I'm not bragging."

To this piece of ratiocination, Susan's mother opposed the following—

"Talent is in the blood," said she (this implies that great are all the first cousins of the great).

Anne's mother might have weakened this by examples at her own door, to wit, the exciseman, who was a clever fellow, and his son an ass. But she preferred keeping within her own line of argument, and as the ladies floated, by a law of their nature, away from that to which lawyers tend, art issue, they drafted divaguely over the great pacific ocean of feminine logic. At last a light shot into Susan's mamma: she found *terra firma*, i. e., an argument too strong for refutation.

"Besides, Jane," said she, "I want your Susan to churn! So there's an end!"

Alas! she had underrated the rival disputant. Susan's mother took refuge in an argument equally irrefragable: she packed up the girl's things that night, and sent her off by coach to Anne next morning.

Susan arrived, told her story and her hopes, on Anne's neck. Anne laughed, and made room for her on the third floor. The cousins went to the theatre that evening, the aspirant in front.

Susan passed through various emotions, and when Belvidera, "gazed, turned giddy, raved, and died," she ran to the stage door, with some misgivings, whether she might not be wanted to lay her cousin out. In Anne's dressing room she found a laughing dame, who, whilst wiping off her rouge, told her she was a fool, and asked her rather sharply, "how it went!"

"The people clapped their hands! I could have kissed them," said Susan.

"As if I could not hear that, child," said

Anne. "I want to know how many cried where you were —"

"Now, how can I tell you, cousin, when I could not see for crying myself?"

"You cried, did you? I am very glad of that!"

"La, cousin!"

"It does not prove much, but it proves more than their clapping of hands. You shall be my barber's block — you don't understand me — all the better — come home to supper."

At supper, the tragedian made the dairy-maid tell her every little village event; and, in her turn, recalled all the rural personages; and, reviving the trick of her early youth, imitated their looks, manners, and sentiments, to the life.

She began with the exciseman, and ended with the curate — a white-headed old gentleman, all learning, piety, and simplicity. He had seen in this beautiful and gifted woman, only a lamb that he was to lead up to heaven — please God.

The naughtiest things we do are sure to be the cleverest, and this imitation made Susan laugh more than the others.

But in the midst of it, the mimic suddenly paused, and her eye seemed to turn inwards: she was quite silent for a moment.

Ah! Oldfield, in that one moment, I am sure your heart has drunk many a past year. It is away to the banks of Trent, to grass and flowers, and days of innocence, to church-bells and a cottage porch, and your mother's bosom, my poor woman — princess of the stage.

She faltered out, "But he was a good man. Oh! yes! yes! he was a good man; he admired me more than he would now! None like him shine on my path now." And she burst into a fit of crying.

Susan cried with her, without in the least knowing what was the matter. And these most dissimilar beings soon learned to love one another. The next day Anne took the gauge of Susan's entire intellects; and, by way of comment on the text of Susan, connected her with dramatic poetry, as Mrs. Oldfield's dresser.

Susan then had been installed about three months, when she was holding that conversation with the flower girl, which I have too long interrupted.

"It is an odd thing to say, but I think you are in love with my cousin Anne."

"I don't know," was the answer. "I am drawn to her by something I cannot resist: I followed her home for three months before I spoke to you. Will she not be angry at my presumption?"

"La! Of course not: it is not as if you were one of these impudent men that follow her about, and slip notes into every mortal thing — her carriage, her prayer-book."

Now Susan happened to be laying out the new dress for Statira, which had just come in; and, in a manner singularly apropos, no less than two nice little notes fell out of it as she spoke.

The girls looked at them, as they lay on the floor, like deer looking askant at a lap-dog.

"Oh!" said the votary of Flora; "they ought to be ashamed."

"So they ought," cried Susan. "I'd say nothing," added she, "if some of them were for me. But I shall have them when I am an actress."

"Are you to be that? Ah! you will never be like her!"

"Why not? She is only my mother's sister's daughter, bless you. Anne was only a country lass like me, at first starting, and that is why my mother sent me here, because when talent is in a family, don't let one churn all the butter, says she."

"But can you act?" interposed the other.

"Can't I?" was the answer.

"His fame survives the world in deathless story, Nor heaven and earth combined can match his glory."

These lines, which in our day, would be thought a little hyperbolic, Susan recited with gestures equally supernatural.

"Bless you," added she complacently; "I could act fast enough, if I could but get the words off. Can you read?"

"Yes!"

"Handwriting? Tell the truth, now!"

"Yes! I can indeed."

"Handwriting is hard, is it not?" said Susan; "but a part beats all: did ever you see a part?"

"No!"

"Well, I'll tell ye, girl! there comes a great scratch, and then some words: but don't you go for to say those words, because they belong to another gentleman, and he mightn't like it. Then you come in, and then another scratch. And I declare it would puzzle Old Scratch to clear the curds from the whey —"

Susan suddenly interrupted herself, for she had caught sight of a lady slowly approaching from an adjoining room, the door of which was open. "Hush!" cried Susan; "here she is, alack, she is not well! Oh, dear! she is far from well!" And, in point of fact, the lady slowly entered the apartment, laboring visibly under a weight of disease. The poor flower girl naturally thinking this no time for her introduction, dropped a boquet on the table, and retreated precipitately from the den of the sick lioness.

Then the lady opened her lips, and faltered forth the following sentence: —

"I go no further, let me rest here, *Enone!*"

"Do, cousin!" said Susan, consolingly.

"I droop, I sink, my strength abandons me!" said the poor invalid.

"Here's a chair for y', Anne," cried Susan.

"What is the matter?"

On this, the other fixing her filmy eyes upon her, explained slowly and faintly, that, "Her eyes were dazzled with returning day; her trembling limbs refused their wonted stay!"

"Ah!" sighed she, and tottered towards the chair.

"She's going to faint — she's going to faint!" cried poor Susan. "Oh, dear! Here, quick! smell to this, Anne."

"That will do, then," said the other, in a hard, unfeeling tone. "I am fortunate to have satisfied your judgment, madam," added she.

Susan stood petrified, in the act of hurrying, with the smelling-bottle.

"That is the way I come on in that scene," explained Mrs. Oldfield, yawning in Susan's sympathetic face.

"Acting, by jingo!" screamed Susan. "You ought to be ashamed; I thought you were a dead woman. I wish you wouldn't," cried she, flying at her like a hen; "tormenting us at home, when there's nobody to see."

"It is my system — I aim at truth. You are unsophisticated, and I experiment on you," was the cool excuse.

"Cousin, when am I to be an actress?" inquired Susan.

"After fifteen years' labor, perhaps," was the encouraging response.

"Labor! I thought it was all in — spi — ration!"

"Many think so, and find their error. Labor and Art are the foundation — Inspiration is the result."

"O Anne," cried Susan, "now do tell me your feelings in the theatre."

"Well, Susan, first, I cast my eyes around, and try to count the house."

"No, no, Anne, I don't mean that."

"Well, then, child, at times upon the scene — mind, I say at times — the present does fade from my soul, and the great past lives and burns again; the boards seem buoyant ay beneath me, child; that sea of English heads floats like a dream before me, and I breathe old Greece and Rome. I ride on the whirlwind of the poet's words, and wave my sceptre like a queen — ay, and a queen I am! — for kings govern millions of bodies, but I sway a thousand hearts! But, to tell the truth, Susan, when all is over, I sink back to woman — and often my mind goes home, dear, to our native town, where Trent glides so calmly through the meadows. I pine to be by his side, far from the dust of the scene, and the din of life — to take the riches of my heart from flatterers, strangers, and the world, and give them all, all, to one faithful heart, large, full, and loving as my own! Where's my dress for Statira, hussy?" She snapped this last with a marvellous quick change of key, and a sudden sharpness of tone peculiar to actresses when stage dresses are in question.

"Here it is. Oh! isn't it superb?"

"Yes, it is superb," said Oldfield drily, "velvet, satin, and ostrich-feathers, for an Eastern queen. The same costume for Belvidera, Statira, Clytemnestra, and Mrs. Dobbs. O prejudice! prejudice! The stage has always been fortified against common sense! Velvet Greeks, periwigged Romans — the audience mingling with the scene — past and present blundered together! — English fops in the Roman forum, taking snuff under a Roman matron's nose (that's me), and cackling out that she does it nothing like (no more she does), — nothing like Peggy Porteous — whose merit was that she died thirty years ago, whose merit would have been greater had she died fifty years ago, and much greater still had she never lived at all."

Here Susan offered her half-a-dozen letters, including the smuggled notes; but the sweet-tempered soul (being for the moment in her tantrums)

would not look at them. "I know what they are," said she, "Vanity, in marvellous thin disguises; my flatterers are so eloquent, that they will persuade me into marrying poor old Manner — every morning he writes me four pages, and tells me my duty; every evening he neglects his own, and goes to the theatre, which is unbecoming his age, I think."

"He looks a very wise gentleman, observed Susan.

"He does," was the rejoinder, "but his folly reconciles me in some degree to his wisdom; so, mark my words, I shall marry my silly sage. There, burn all the rest but his — no! don't burn the letter in verse."

"In verse?"

"Yes! I won't have him burnt either — for he loves me, poor boy — find it, Susan; he never misses a day. I think I should like to know that one."

"I think this is it," said Susan.

"Then read it out expressively, whilst I mend this collar. So then I shall estimate your progress to the temple of Fame, ma'am."

It is not easy to do justice on paper to Susan's recitative; but, in fact, she read it much as school-boys scan, and what she read to her cousin for a poet's love, hopped thus: —

"Excuse—me dear—est friend—if I—should
apppear
Too press—ing but—at my—years one—has not
Much time—to lose—and your—good sense—I
feel—"

"My good sense!" cried Mrs. Oldfield, "how can that be poetry?"

"It is poetry, I know," remonstrated Susan.

"See, cousin, it's all of a length."

"All of a length with your wit — that is the Mannerism prose."

"Drat them, if they write in lines, how is one to know their prose from their verse?" said Susan spitefully.

"I'll tell you, Susan," said the other soothingly, "their prose is something as like Mannerism as can be, their verse is something in this style:

"You were not made to live from age to age;
The dairy yawns for you — and not the stage!"

"He! he!"

She found what she sought, and reading out herself the unknown writer's verses, she said with some feminine complacency, "Yes! this is a heart I have really penetrated."

"I've penetrated one too," said Susan.

"Indeed!" was the reply; "how did you contrive that — not with the spit, I hope?"

Thus encouraged, Susan delivered herself most volubly of a secret that had long burned in her. She proceeded to relate how she had observed a young gentleman always standing by the stage-door as they got into their chariot, and when they reached home, somehow he was always standing there too. "It was not for you, this one," said Susan, hastily, "because you are so wrapped up, he could not see you." Then she told her cousin how, once when they were walking separately, this same young gentleman had

said to her most tenderly, "Madam, you are in the service of Mrs. Oldfield?" and, on another occasion, he had got as far as "Madam," when unfortunately, her cousin looked round, and he vanished. Susan, then throwing off the remains of her reserve, and clasping her hands together, confessed she admired him as much as he did her. Susan gave this reason for her affection, "He is, for all the world, like one of the young tragedy princes, and you know what ducks they are."

"I do, to my cost," was the caustic reply. "I wish, instead of talking about this silly lover of yours, who must be a fool, or he would have made a fool of you long ago, you would find out who is the brave young gentleman who risked his life for me last month. Now I think of it, I am quite interested in him."

"Risked his life!—and you never told me, Anne!"

"Robert told you, of course."

"No, indeed!"

"Did he not?—then I will tell you the whole story. You have heard me speak of the Dushess of Tadcaster?"

"No, cousin, never!"

"I wonder at that! Well, she and Lady Betsy Bertie and I used to stroll in Richmond Park with our arms round one another's waists, like the Graces, more or less, and kiss one another, ough! and swear a deathless friendship, like liars and fools as we are. But her Grace of Tadcaster had never anything to do, and I had my business, so I could not always be plagued with her; so for this, the little idiot now aspires to my enmity, and knowing none but the most vulgar ways of showing a sentiment, she bids her coachman drive her empty carriage against mine, containing me. Child, I thought the world was at an end: the glasses were broken, the wheels locked, and all my little sins began to appear such big ones to me; and the brute kept whipping the horses, and they plunged so horribly, when a brave young gentleman sprang to their heads, tore them away, and gave her nasty coachman such a caning." Here Oldfield clenched a charming white fist; then, lifting up her eyes she said tenderly, "Heaven grant no harm befell him afterwards, for I drove off, and left him to his fate!"

Charming sensibility! an actress's!

In return for this anecdote, Susan was about to communicate some further particulars on the subject which occupied all her secret thoughts, when she was interrupted by a noise and scuffle in the ante-room, high above which were heard the loud, harsh tones of a stranger's voice, exclaiming, "But I tell ye I will see her, ye saucy Jack."

Before this personage bursts upon Mrs. Oldfield, and the rest of us, I must go back and take up the other end of my knot in the ancient town of Coventry.

Nathan Oldworthy dwelt there; a flourishing attorney; he had been a clerk; he came to be the master of clerks; his own ambition was satisfied; but his son Alexander, a youth of parts, became the centre of a second ambition. Alexander was to embrace the higher branch of the

legal profession; was to be first, pleader, then barrister, then King's counsel—lastly, a judge; and contemporaneously with this final distinction, the old attorney was to sing "Nunc Dimittis," and "Capias" no more.

Bystanders are obliging enough to laugh at such schemes; but why? The heart is given to them, and they are no laughing matter to those who form them: such schemes destroyed, the flavor is taken out of human lives.

When Nathan sent his son to London, it was a proud, though a sad day for him; hitherto he had looked upon their parting merely as the first step of a glorious ladder, but when the coach took young Alexander out of sight, the father found how much he loved him, and paced very, very slowly home, while Alexander glided contentedly on towards London.

Now, "London" means a different thing to every one of us: to one, it is the Temple of Commerce; to another of Themis; to a third of Thespis; and to a fourth of the Paphian Venus, and so on, because we are all much narrower than men ought to be. To Nathan Oldworthy, it was the sacred spot where grin the courts of law. To Alexander, it was the sacred spot where (being from the country) he thought to find the nine Muses in bodily presence—his favorite Melpomene at their head. Nathan knew next to nothing about his own son, a not uncommon arrangement. Alexander, upon the whole, rather loathed law, and adored poetry. In those days youth had not learned to "frown in a glass, and write odes to despair;" and he dubbed a duck by tender beauty confounding sulks with sorrow. Alexander had to woo the Muse clandestinely, and so wooed her sincerely. He went with a manuscript tragedy in his pocket, called "Berenice," which he had re-written and re-shaped three several times; with a head full of ideas, and a heart turned to truth, beauty, and goodness. Arrived there, he was installed in the neighborhood, and under the secret surveillance of his father's friend, Timothy Bateman, Solicitor of Gray's Inn.

If you had asked Alexander Oldworthy, upon the coach, who is the greatest of mankind, his answer would have been instantaneous, a true poet! But the first evening he spent in London raised a doubt of this in his mind, for he discovered a being brighter, nobler, truer, greater than even a poet.

At four, Alexander reached London. At five, he was in his first theatre.

That sense of the beautiful, which belongs to genius, made him see beauty in the semi-circular sweep of the glowing boxes;—in gilt ornaments glorious with light, and, above all, in human beings gaily dressed, and radiant with expectation. And all these things are beautiful; only gross, rustic senses cannot see it, and blunted town senses can see it no longer.

Before the play began, music attacked him on another side; and all combined with youth and novelty, to raise him to a high key of intellectual enjoyment; and when the ample curtain rose, slowly and majestically upon Mr. Orway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved," it was an era in this young life.

Poetry rose from the dead before his eyes this night. She lay no longer entombed in print. She floated around the scene, ethereal, but palpable. She breathed and burned in heroic shapes, and godlike tones, and looks of fire.

Presently, there glided among the other figures one that by enchantment seized the poet's eye, and made all that his predecessors had ever writ in praise of grace and beauty seem tame by comparison.

She spoke, and his frame vibrated to this voice. All his senses drank in her great perfections, and he thrilled with wonder, and enthusiastic joy, that this our earth contained such a being. He seemed to see the Eve of Milton, with Madonna's glory crowning her head, and immortal music gushing from her lips.

The lady was in point of fact, Mrs. Oldfield — the Belvidera of the play.

Alexander thought he knew "Venice Preserved" before this; but he found, as the greatest wits must submit to discover, that in the closet a good play is but the corpse of a play; the stage gives it life. (The printed words of a play are about one-third of a play; the tones and varying melodies of beautiful and artful speech are another third; and the business, gesture, and that great visible story, the expression of the speaking, and the dumb play of the silent actors, are another third).

Belvidera's voice, full, sweet, rich, piercing, and melodious, and still in its vast compass true to the varying sentiment of all she uttered, seemed to impregnate every line with double meaning, and treble beauty. Her author dilated into giant size and godlike beauty at the touch of that voice. And when she was silent she still spoke to Alexander's eye, for her face was more eloquent than vulgar tongues are. Her dumb-play from the first to the last moment of the scene was in as high a key as her elocution. Had she not spoken one single word, still she would have written in the air by the side of Otway's syllables a great pictorial narrative that filled all the chinks of his sketch with most rare and excellent colors of true flesh tint, and made that sketch a picture.

Here was a new art for our poet; and, as by that just arrangement which pervades the universe, "acting" is the most triumphant of all the arts to compensate it for being the most evanescent, what wonder that he thrilled beneath its magic, and worshipped its priestess.

He went home filled with a new sense of being — all seemed cold, dark, and tame, until he could return and see this poetess-orator-witch, and her enchantments once more.

In those days they varied the entertainments in London almost as they do in the provinces now; and Alexander, who went to the theatre six nights a week, saw Mrs. Oldfield's beauty and talent in many shapes. Her power of distinct personation was very great. Her Andromache, her Ismena, and Belvidera were all different beings. Also each of her tragic personations left upon the mind a type. One night young Oldworthy saw majesty, another tenderness, another fiery passion, personified and embodied in a poetic creation.

But a fresh surprise was in store for him: the next week comedy happened to be in the ascendant; and Mrs. Oldfield, whose *entrée* in character was always the key-note of her personation, sprang upon the stage as Lady Townley, and in a moment the air seemed to fill with singing-birds that chirped the pleasures of youth, beauty and fashion, in notes that sparkled like diamonds, stars and prisms. Her genuine gushing gaiety warmed the coldest and cheered the forlornest heart. Nor was she less charming in the last act, where Lady Townley's good sense being at last alarmed, and her good heart touched, she bowed her saucy head, and begged her Lord's pardon, with tender unaffected penitence. The tears stood thick in Alexander's eyes during that charming scene, where in a prose comedy the author has had the courage and the beauty to spread his wings and rise in a moment into verse with the rising sentiment.

To this succeeded "Maria" in the "Conjuror" and "Indiana," in what the good souls of that day were pleased to call the comedy of "the Conscious Lovers," in the course of which comedy, Indiana made Alexander weep more constantly, continuously, and copiously than in all the tragedies of the epoch he had as yet witnessed.

So now Alexander Oldworthy lived for the stage; and, as the pearl is a disease of the oyster, so this syren became Alexander's disease. The enthusiast lost his hold of real life. Real life became to him an *interlude*, and soon that followed which was to be expected, the poor novice who had begun by adoring the artist, ended by loving the woman, and he loved her like a novice and a poet; he looked into his own heart, confounded it with hers, and clothed her with every heroic quality. He believed her as great in mind, and as good in heart, as she was lovely in person, and he would have given poems to be permitted to kiss her dress, or to lay his neck for a moment under her foot. Burning to attract her attention, yet too humble and timid to make an open attempt, he had at last recourse to his own art. Every day he wrote verses upon her, and sent them to her house. Every night after the play, he watched at the stage door for a glimpse of her as she came out of the theatre to her carriage, and being lighter of foot than the carriage horses of his century, he generally managed to catch another glimpse of her as she stepped from her carriage into her own house.

But all this led to no results, and Alexander's heart was often very cold and sick. Whilst he sat at the play he was in Elysium; but when after seeing this divinity vanish he returned to his lodgings and looked at his attachment by the light of one candle, despondency fell like a weight of ice upon him, and he was miserable till he had written her some verses. The verses writ, he was miserable till play-time.

One night he stood as usual at the stage door after the performance watching for Mrs. Oldfield, who, in a general way, was accompanied by her cousin Susan. This night, however, she was alone; and, having seen her enter her chariot, Alexander was about to start for her house to see her get down from it, when suddenly another carriage came into contact with Mrs. Oldfield's.

The collision was violent, and Mrs. Oldfield screamed with unaffected terror, at which scream Alexander sprang to the horses of the other carriage, and, seizing one of them just above the curb, drew him violently back. To his surprise, instead of coöperating with him, the adverse coachman whipped both his horses, and whether by accident or design, the lash fell twice on Alexander. Jehu never made a worse investment of whipcord. The young man drew himself back upon the pavement, and sprang with a single bound upon the near horse's quarters; from thence to the coach-box. Contemporaneously with his arrival there, he knocked the coachman out of his seat on to the roof of his carriage, and then seized his whip, broke it in one moment into a stick, and belabored the prostrate charioteer till the blood poured from him in torrents. Then springing to the ground with one bound he turned the horses' heads, belabored them with the mutilated whip, and off they trotted gently home.

Alexander ran to Mrs. Oldfield's carriage window, his cheeks burning, his eyes blazing. "They are gone, madame," said he with rough timidity. The actress looked at him, and smiled on him, and said, "So I see, sir, and I am much obliged to you." She was then about to draw back to her corner, but suddenly she reflected, and half beckoning Alexander, who had drawn back, she said, "My dear, learn for me whose carriage that was." Alexander turned to gain the information, but it was volunteered by one of the bystanders.

"It is the Duchess of Tadcaster's, Mrs. Oldfield."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Oldfield, "the little beast." (this polite phrase she uttered with a most majestic force of sovereign contempt); "thank you sir; bid Robert drive me home, my child," (this to Alexander), on which a bystander sang out,—"You are to drive home, Robert,—Buckingham Gate, the corner house."

At this sally Mrs. Oldfield smiled with perfect composure, but did not look at the speaker. As the carriage moved she leaned gently forward, and kissed her hand like a queen to Alexander, then nestled into her corner and went to sleep.

Alexander did nothing of the sort that night. He went home on wings. He could not go in. He walked up and down before his door three hours, before he could go to so vulgar a thing as bed. As a lover will read over fifty times six lines of love from the beloved hand, so Alexander acted over and over the little scene of this night and dwelt on every tone, word, look, and gesture of the great creature who had at last spoken to him, smiled on him, thanked him. Oh! how happy he was, he could hardly realize his bliss. "My dear," but had not his ears deceived him—had she really called him "my dear," and what was he to understand by so unexpected an address; was it on account of the service he had just done her, or might he venture to hope she had noticed his face in the theatre, sitting, as he always did, in one place, at the side of the second row of the pit? but no! he rejected that as impossible. Whatever she meant by it, his blood was at her service as well as his

heart. He blessed her with tears in his eyes for using such heavenly words to him in any sense—"my dear," and "my child." He framed these words in his heart.

Alas! he little thought that "my dear," meant literally nothing—he was not aware that calling every living creature "my dear," is one of the nasty little tricks of the stage—like their swearing without anger, and their shovelling snuff into the nose without intermission, in the innocent hope of making every sentence intellectual, by a dirty thing done mechanically, and not intellectually. As for "my child," that was better—that was, at least, a trick of the lady's own, partly caught from her French acquaintances.

For some days Alexander was in heaven. He fell upon his tragedy, he altered it by the light the stage had given him: above all, he heightened and improved the heroine, he touched her, and retouched her with the colors of Oldfield—and this done, with trembling hands, he wrapped it in brown paper, addressed it, and left it at her own house, and no sooner had Susan's hand touched it than he fled like a guilty thing.

You see it was his first love—and she he loved seemed more than mortal to him.

And now came a reaction. Days and days rolled by, and no more adventures came, no means of making acquaintance with one so high above his reach.

He was still at the stage door, but she did not seem to recognize him, and he dared not recall himself to her recollection. His organization was delicate—he began to fret and lose his sleep, and at last his pallor and listlessness attracted the not very keen eye of Timothy Bateman. Mr. Bateman asked him twenty times if anything was the matter—twenty times he answered, No! At last good, worthy, common-place Bateman, after dinner and deep thought, said one day, "Alexander, I've found out what it is." Alexander started.

"Money melts in London, yours is gone quicker than you thought it would—my poor lad, do n't you fret. I've got £20 to spare, here 'tis. Your father will never know. I've been young as well as you." Alexander grasped the good old fellow's hand and pressed it to his heart. He never looked at the note, but he looked half tenderly, half wildly into the old man's eyes.

Bateman read this look aright—"Ay, out with it, young man," he cried, "never keep a grief locked up in your heart, whilst you have a friend that will listen to it, that is an old man's advice."

On this poor Alexander's story gushed forth. He told Bateman the facts I have told you, only his soul, and all the feelings he had gone through gushed from his heart of hearts. They sat till one in the morning, and often as the young heart laid bare its enthusiasm, its youth, its anguish, the dry old lawyer found out there was a soft bit left in his own, that sent the woman to the door of his eyes, for Alexander told his story differently, and I think on the whole better, than I do. I will just indicate *one* difference between us two as narrators—he told it like blood and fire, I tell it like criticism and ice, and be hanged to me.

Perhaps, had Alexander told the tale as I do, Bateman, man of the world, would have sneered at him, or sternly advised him to quit this folly and whim; but as it was, Bateman was touched, and mingled pity with good, gentle, but firm advice, and poor Alexander was grateful. The poet revered the common-place, good man, as a poet ought, and humbly prayed him to save him by his wisdom. He owned that he was mad—that he was indulging a hopeless passion, that he knew the great tragedian, courted by the noble and rich of the land, would never condescend, even to an acquaintance with him. And bursting into a passion of tears, "Oh! good Mr. Bateman," cried he, "the most unfortunate hour of my life was that in which I first saw her, for she will be my death, for she will never permit me to live for her, and without her life is intolerable to me."

This last feature decided Timothy Bateman; the next morning he wrote to Nathan Oldworthy a full account of all. "Come up, and take him home again, for heaven's sake."

It fell like a thunderbolt on the poor father, but he moved promptly, in two hours he was on the road to London.

Arrived there, he straight invaded Alexander. The poet, luckily for himself, was not at home. He then went to Bateman, he was in a towering passion.

The old puritanical leaven was scotched, but not killed, in Coventry.

In a general way, Nathan looked on love as no worse than one of the Evil One's many snares, to divert youth from law—but, love of an actress! If you had asked Coventry whether the Play House or the Public House ruins the manners, morality, and intellect of England, Coventry was capable of answering—"The Play House." He raged against the fool and the jade, as he succinctly, and not inaptly, described a dramatic poet and an actress.

His friend endeavored to stop the current of his wrath, in vain; the attempt only diverted its larger current from Alexander to the Syren who had fascinated him—in vain Bateman assured him that affairs had proceeded to no length between the parties; the other snubbed him, called him a fool, that he knew nothing of the world, and assured him that if anything came of it, she should have nothing from the Oldworthys but thirty pence per week, the parish allowance; (Nathan's ideas of love were as primitive as Alexander's were poetic), and lastly, bouncing up, he announced that he was going to see the hussy, and force her to give up her Delilah designs.

At this poor Bateman was in dismay; he represented to this mad bull, that Mrs. Oldfield was "on the windy side of the law," that there were no proofs she had done anything more than every woman would do if she was clever enough, viz. turn every man's head; he next reminded him of her importance, and implored him at least to be prudent. "My dear friend," said he, "there are at least a score of gentlemen in this town, who would pass their swords through an old attorney, as they would through a mad dog, only to have a smile or a compliment from this lady."

This last argument was ill-chosen. The old

puritan was game to the back-bone; he flung Mrs. Oldfield's champions a grim grin of defiance, and marched out to invade that lady, and save his offspring.

Now, said Mrs. Oldfield, wishing to be very quiet, because she was preparing to play for the championship of the stage, and was studying Statira, had given her footman orders to admit no living soul, upon any pretence.

Oldworthy, who had heard in Coventry that people in London are always at home if their servants say they are out, pushed past the man; the man followed him remonstrating. When they reached the ante-chamber, he thought it was time to do more, so he laid his hand on the intruder's collar—then ensued a short but very brisk scuffle; the ladies heard, to their dismay, a sound as of a footman falling from the top to the bottom of a staircase; and the next moment, in Jack boots, splashed with travel, an immense hat of a fashion long gone by, his dark cheek flushed with anger, and his eyes shooting sombre lightning from under their thick brows, Nathan Oldworthy strode like wild-fire into the room.

Susan screamed, and Anne turned pale, but, recovering herself, she said with a wonderful show of spirit, "How dare you intrude on me?—Keep close to me, stupid!" was her trembling aside to Susan.

"I'm used to enter people's houses, whether they will or not," was the gruff reply.

"Your business, sir?" said Mrs. Oldfield, with affected calmness.

"It is not fit for that child to hear," was the answer.

Anne Oldfield was wonderfully intelligent, and even in this remark, she saw the man, if a barbarian was not a ruffian at bottom. She looked towards Susan.

Susan interpreting her look, declined to leave her alone "With, with—"

"A brute, I suppose," said Nathan coarsely.

The artist measured the man with her eye.

"He who feels himself a brute is on the way to be a man," said she, with genuine dignity; so saying, she dismissed Susan with a gesture.

"You are the play-acting woman, aren't you?" said he.

"I am the tragedian, sir," replied she, "whose time is precious."

"I'll lose no time—I'm an attorney—the first in Coventry. I'm Nathan Oldworthy—My son's education has been given him under my own eye—I taught him the customs of the country, and the civil law—He is to be a serjeant-at-law, and a serjeant-at-law he shall be—"

"I consent for one," said Oldfield, demurely.

"And then we can play into one another's hands, as should be."

"I have no opposition to offer to this pretty little scheme of the Old Somethings—father and son."

"Oldworthys! no opposition! when he hasn't been once to Westminster, and every night to the play-house."

"Oh!" said the lady, "I see! the old story."

"The very day the poor boy came here," resumed Nathan, "there was a tragedy play; so, because a woman sighed and burned for sport, the fool goes home and sighs and burns in earnest, can't eat his victuals, flings away his prospects, and thinks of nothing but this Nance Oldfield."

He uttered this appellation with rough contempt; and had the actress been a little one, this descent to Nance Oldfield would have mortified or enraged her. But its effect on the great Oldfield was different, and somewhat singular; she opened her lovely eyes on him. "Nance Oldfield," cried she, "Oh! sir, nobody has called me that name, since I left my little native town."

"Haven't they, though?" said the rough customer more gently, responding to her heavenly tones, rather than to the sentiment which he in no degree comprehended.

"No!" said Oldfield, with an ill-used Æolian note.

Here the attorney began to suspect she was diverting him from the point, and with a curl of the lip, and a fine masculine contempt for all subtleties, not on sheepskin, — "You had better say you do not know all this," cried he.

"Not I," was the reply. "My good sir, your son has left you to confide to me the secret of his attachment: you have discharged the commission, Sir Pandarus of Troy," added she with a world of malicious fun in her jewel-like eye.

"Nathan Oldworthy of Coventry, I tell ye!" put in the angry sire.

"And it is now my duty to put some questions to you," resumed the actress. "Is your son handsome?" said she, in a sly half whisper.

"Is not he?" answered gaunt simplicity, "and well built too — he is like me, they say."

"There is a point on which I am very particular — Has he nice teeth? — upon your honor, now."

"White as milk, ma'am; and a smile that warms your heart up; fresh color; — there's not such a lad in Coventry." Here the old boy caught sight of a certain poetical epistle which, if you remember, was in Mrs. Oldfield's hands.

"And pray, madam," said he, with smooth craft, "does Alexander Oldworthy never write to you?"

"Never!" was her answer.

"She says never!" thundered Nathan, "and there is his letter in her very hand — a superb handwriting; what a waste of talent to write to you with it, instead of engrossing; what does the fool say?" and he snatched the letter rudely from her, and read out poor Alexander, with the lungs of a Stentor.

"Gracious me! if I was puzzled to show the reader how Susan read the Mannerism prose, how on earth shall I make him hear and see Oldworthy Pere read Oldworthy Fils, his rhymes; but I will attempt a faint adumbration, wherein Glorious Apollo! from on high befriend us!

"My soul hangs trembling," — (full stop.) "On that magic voice, grieves with your woe," — (full stop.) "Exults when you rejoice. A golden chain," — (Here he cast a look of perplexity.) "I feel but cannot see," — (here he began to suspect Alexander of insanity.) "Binds earth to heaven," — (of impiety, ditto.) "It ties my

heart to thee like a sunflower." And now the reader wore the ill-used look of one who had been betrayed into a labyrinth of unmeaning syllables; but at this juncture, thanks to his sire, Alexander Oldworthy began to excite Mrs. Oldfield's interest.

"And that poetry is his?" said the actress.

"Poetry? no! How could my son write poetry? I'll be hanged if 'tisn't though, for all the lines begin with a capital letter."

Oldfield took the paper from him. "Listen," said she, and with a heavenly cadence and expression, she spoke the lines thus: —

"My soul hangs trembling on that magic voice,
Grieves with your woe, exults when you rejoice;
A golden chain I feel, but cannot see,
Binds earth to heaven — it ties my heart to thee,
Like a sunflower," etc., etc.

"What do you call that, eh?"

"Why, honey dropping from the comb," said the astounded lawyer, to whom the art of speech was entirely unknown, until that moment, as it is to millions of the human race.

"It is honey dropping from the comb," repeated Nathan. "I see, he has been and bought it ready-made, and it has cost him a pretty penny, no doubt. So, now his money's going to the dogs, too."

"And these sentiments, these accents of poetry and truth, that have reached my heart, this daily homage, that would flatter a queen, do I owe it to your son? Oh! sir."

"Good gracious Heavens!" roared the terrified father; "don't you go and fall in love with him; and, now I think on't, that is what I have been working for ever since I came here. Cut it short. I came for my son and I will have him back, if you please. Where is he?"

"How can I know?" said the lady, pettishly.

"Why, he follows you everywhere."

"Except here, where he never will follow me, unless his father teaches him house-breaking under the head of civil law."

At this sudden thrust, Oldworthy blushed.

"Well, ma'am!" stammered he, "I was a little precipitate; but, my good lady, pray tell me, when did you last see him?"

"I never saw him at all, which I regret," added, she satirically; "because you say he resembles his father." Nathan was a particularly ugly dog.

"She is very polite," thought Nathan. "But," objected he, civilly, "you must have learned from his letters,"

"That they are not signed!" said she, handing the poetical epistle to him, with great significance.

Mr. Nathan Oldworthy began now to doubt whether he was *sur le bon terrain* in his present proceedings; and the error in which he had detected himself made him suddenly suspect his judgment and general report on another head.

"What an extraordinary thing!" said he, bluntly.

"Perhaps you are an honest woman after all, ma'am!"

"Sir!" said Oldfield, with a most tragic air.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am! I ask your par-

don!" cried the other, terrified by the royal pronunciation of this monosyllable. "Country manners, ma'am! that is all! We do speak so straightforward down in Coventry."

"Yes! but if you speak so straightforward here, you will be sent to Coventry."

"I'll take care not, madam! I'll take great care not!" said the other, hastily. Then he paused—a light rose gradually to his eye. "Sent to Coventry! ha! haw! ho! But, madam, this love will be his ruin: it will rob him of his profession, which he detests, and of a rich heiress whom he can't abide! Since I came here, I think better of play-actors; but, consider, madam, we don't like our blood to come down in the world!"

"It would be cruel to lower an attorney," replied the play-actress, looking him demurely in the face.

"You are considerate, madam!" replied he gratefully. He added with manly compunction, "more so I fear than I have deserved."

"Mais! il me désarme cet homme!" cried the sprightly Oldfield, ready to scream with laughter.

"Are you speaking to me, ma'am?" said Nathan, severely.

"No, that was an 'aside.' Go on, my good soul!"

"Then forgive the trouble, the agitation, of a father: his career, his happiness, is in danger."

"Now, why did you not begin with that; it would have saved your time and mine. Favor me with your attention, sir, for a moment," said the fine lady, with grave courtesy.

"I will, madam," said the other, respectfully.

"Mr. Oldworthy, first you are to observe, that I have by the constitution of these realms, as much right to fall in love with your son, or even with yourself, as he or you have to do with me."

"So you have, I never thought of that; but don't ye do it, for Heaven's sake, if 't isn't done already."

"But I should have been inclined, even before your arrival, to waive that right, out of regard for my own interest and reputation, especially the former: and now you have won my heart, and I enter into your feelings, and place myself at your service—"

"You are very good, madam! Now why do they go and run play-actors down so?"

"You are aware, sir, that we play-actors have not an idea of our own in our skulls: our art is to execute beautifully the ideas of those who think: now, you are a man of business; you will therefore be pleased to give me your instructions, and you shall see those instructions executed better than they are down in Coventry. You want me to prevent your son from loving me! I consent. Tell me how to do it."

"Madam!" said Nathan; "you have put your finger on the very point! What a lawyer you would have made! Madam, I thank you! Very well, then you must—but, no, that will make him worse, perhaps. And again, you can't leave off playing, can you? because that is your business you know—dear me. Ah! I'll tell you how to bring it about. Let me see—no!—yes!—no! drat it!"

"Your instructions are not sufficiently clear, sir!" suggested Mrs. Oldfield.

"Well, madam! it is not so easy as I thought, and I don't see what instructions I am to give you, until—until—"

"Until I tell you what to tell me—that's fair. Well, give me a day to think. I am so busy now. I must play my best to-night!"

"But he'll be there," said Nathan, in dismay:

"you'll play your best: you'll burn him to a cinder. I'll go to him. He ran to the window, informing his companion that, for the first time in his life, he was going to take a coach. But he had no sooner arrived at the window, than he made a sudden point, and beckoned the lady to him, without removing his eyes from some object on which he glared down, with a most singular expression of countenance. She came to his side. He directed her eyes to the object. "Look there, ma'am! look there!" She peeped, and standing by a hosier's shop, at the corner of the street, she descried a young man, engaged as follows:—His hat was in his hand, and on the hat was a little piece of paper. He was alternately writing on this, and looking upward for inspiration.

"Is that he?" whispered Mrs. Oldfield.

"Yes! that's your man—bare-headed, looking up into the sky, and doesn't see how it rains."

"But he's very handsome, Mr. Oldworthy, and you said he was like—hem! yes, he is very handsome."

"Is n't he, madam!"

He was handsome—his rich chestnut curls flowed down his neck in masses; his face was oval; his eyes, full of color and sentiment—and in him the purple light of youth was brightened by the electric light of expression and charming sensibility.

The strangely assorted pair in our scene held on by one another the better to inspect the young poet, who little thought what a pair of critics were in store for him.

"What a bright, intelligent look the silly goose has!" said the actress.

"Has n't he? the dear—idiot!" said the parent.

"Is he waiting for you, sir?" said she, with affected simplicity.

"No," replied he with zeal, "it's you he is waiting for."

Alexander began to walk slowly past the house, looking up to heaven every now and then for inspiration, and then looking down and scribbling a bit, like a hen drinking, you know—and thus occupied, he stalked to and fro, passing and repassing beneath the criticising eyes—at sight of which pageant a father's fingers began to work, and, "Madam," said he, with a calmness too marked to be genuine, "do let me fling one little—chair at his silly head."

"No, indeed."

"A pillow, then?"

"O Lud, no!—you do n't know these boys, sir! he would take that as an overture of affection from the house. Stay: will you obey me, or will you not?"

"Of course I will!—how can I help?" and he grinned with horrible amiability.

"Then I will cure your son."

"You will, you promise me?"

"On the honor of—a play-actor!" and she offered him, with a world of grace, the loveliest hand going at that era.

"Of an angel, I think," said the subjugated barbarian.

Mrs. Oldfield then gave him a short sketch of the idea that had occurred to her. "Your son, sir," said she, "is in love by the road of imagination and taste—he has seen upon the stage a being more like a poet's dream than any young woman down in Coventry—and he over-rates her; I will contrive that in ten minutes he shall under-rate her. I will also find means to wound his vanity, which is inordinate in all his sex, and gigantic in the versifying part of it—and then, sir, I promise you that your son's love, so fresh, so fiery, so lofty, so humble, will either turn to hatred or contempt, or else quietly evaporate like a mist, and vanish like a morning dream. Ah!"—(and she could not help sighing a little).

Susan was then called, and directed to show Mr. Nathan Oldworthy out the back way, that he might avoid the encounter of his son. The said Nathan, accordingly, marched slap away, in four great strides; but the next moment the door burst open, and he returned in four more—he took up a position opposite his fair entertainer, and, with much gravity, executed a solemn, but marvellously grotesque bow, intended to express gratitude and civility; this done, he recovered body, and strode away again, slap dash.

Spirits like Alexander's are greatly depressed and greatly elevated without proportionate change in the external causes of joy and grief. It is theirs to view the same set of facts, rose-color one day, lurid another. Two days ago, Alexander had been in despondence; to-day, hope was in the ascendant, and his destiny appeared to him all bathed in sunshine. He was rich in indistinct but gay hopes; these hopes had whispered to him that, after all, an alliance between a dramatic poet and a tragedian was a natural one—that, perhaps, on reflection, she he loved might not think it so very imprudent. He felt convinced she had read "*Berenice*"—she would see the alterations in the heroine's part, and that love had dictated them. She would find there was one being that comprehended her. That, and his verses, would surely plead his cause. Then he loved her so—who could love her as he did? Some day she would feel that no heart could love her so—and then he would say to her, "I am truth and nature; you are beauty and music—united, we should conquer the world, and be the world to one another!" Poor boy!

He was walking and dreaming thus beneath her window, when his ear caught the sound of that window opening; he instantly cowered against the wall, hoping this happy day to see the form he loved, himself unseen, when, to his immeasurable surprise, a beautiful girl put her head out of the window, and called softly to him. He took no notice, because it was inaudible. He had to repeat the call before he could realize his

good fortune; the signal, however, was unmistakable, and soon after the door opened, and there was pretty Susan, blushing. Alexander ran to her, she opened the door wider, he entered, believing in magic for the first time. Susan took him up stairs—he said nothing—he could not—she did not speak, because she thought he ought to. At last they reached a richly-furnished room, where Statira's dress lay upon a chair, and a theatrical diadem upon a table. Alexander's heart leaped at sight of these; he knew, then, where he was; he turned hot and cold, and trembled violently. The first word Susan said, did not calm his agitation. "There is a lady here," said she, "who has something to say to you."

Now it must be remembered that Susan considered Alexander her undoubted property; and when she was told to introduce him, she could not help thinking how kind it was of her cousin to take her part, and bring to the point a young gentleman who, charming in other respects, appeared to her sadly deficient in audacity. "Sit down," said Susan, smiling.

Oh! no! he could not sit down here! Susan pitied his timidity and his discomposure; and, to put both him and herself out of pain the sooner, she left him and went to announce his presence to her cousin and guardian, as she now considered her.

Alexander was left alone, to all appearance; in reality, he was in a crowd—a crowd of "thick-coming fancies." He was to breathe the same air as she, to be by her side, whom the world adored at a distance; he was to see her burst on him like the sun, and to feel more strongly than ever how far his verse fell short of the goddess who inspired it; he half-wished to retreat from his too-great happiness. Suddenly a rustle in the apartment awakened him from his rich reverie: he looked up, and there was a lady with her eyes fixed on him.

The lady had on what might, without politeness, but with truth, be called a dressing gown; it was ostentatiously large everywhere, especially at the waist. The lady's hair, or what seemed her hair, was rough, and ill done up, and a great cap of flaunty design surmounted her head. On her feet were old slippers.

"Good day, sir!" said she, drily.

Alexander bowed. "Madam! I await Mrs. Oldfield."

"*Tête-à-tête* with your muse." Alexander's poetical works were in her hand.

"She is my muse, madam!" replied he; "she alone. Are you not proud of her, madam? for I see by your likeness that you are some relation."

The lady burst out laughing: "That's a compliment to my theatrical talent; I am the party."

"You—Mrs. Oldfield! the great Mrs. Oldfield!"

"Why not? What, you come from the country, I suppose, and think we are to be always on stilts, when we are not paid for it. You look as if you were afraid of me."

"Oh, no! madam; and, as you say, it shows how great your talent is."

"You want to speak to me, my lad."

Alexander blushed to the temples. "Yes, madam!" faltered he, "you have divined my ambition. I have been presumptuous—but I saw you on the tragic scene—the admiration you inspired—I fear I have importuned you—but my hope, my irresistible desire—"

"There, I know what you mean," said she with an affectation of vulgar good nature, "you want an order for the pit?"

"I want an order for the pit?" gasped Alexander, faintly.

"Well, ain't I going to give you one," answered she, as sharp as a needle; "but mind, you must—" here she imitated vehement applause.

"Oh! madam! I need no such injunction," cried Alexander, "each of your achievements on the stage seems to me greater than the last." Then, trembling, blushing, and eloquent as fire, he poured out his admiration of her, and her great art: "The others are all puppets, played by rule around you, the queen of speech and poetry; your pathos is so true, your sensibility so profound; yours are real tears; you lead our sorrow in person; you fuse your soul into those great characters, and art becomes nature. You are the thing you seem, and it is plain each lofty emotion passes through that princely heart on its way to those golden lips!"

Oldfield, with all her self-command, could not quite resist the eloquence of the heart and brain. She, too, now blushed a little, and her lovely bosom heaved slowly, but high, as the poet poured the music of his praise into her ears: then she stole a look at him, from under her long lashes, and sipped his beauty and his freshness. She could not help looking at this forbidden fruit. As she looked, she did feel how hard, how cruel it was, that she was not to be allowed to play with this young, fresh heart; to see it throbbing with hopes and fears, and love, jealousy, anguish, joy, and finally to break it, and fling the pieces to the devil; but she was a singular character—she was the concentrated essence of female in all points, except one: she was a woman of her word, or, as some brutes would say, no woman at all in matters of good faith. She stood pledged to the attorney, and therefore, recovering herself, she took up Alexander thus:—

"No, thank you, emotions pass through my, what's the name—well, you are green—you don't come from the country—you are from Wales. I must enlighten you; sit down, sit down, I tell you. The tears, my boy, are as real as the rest—as the sky, and that's pasteboard—as the sun, and he is three candles, smirking upon all nature, which is canvas—they are as real as ourselves, the tragedy queens, with our cries, our sighs, and our sobs, all measured out to us by the five-foot rule. Reality, young gentleman, that begins when the curtain falls—and we wipe off our profound sensibility along with our rouge, our whitening, and our beauty spots."

"Impossible!" cried the poet, "those tears, those dew-drops on the tree of poetry!"

He was requested not to make her "die of laughing" with his tears; his common sense was appealed to. "Now, my good soul, if I was to

vex myself night after night for Clytemnestra and Co., don't you see that I should not hold together long? No, thank you! I've got 'Nance Oldfield' to take care of, and what's Hecuba to her? For my part," continued this frank lady, "I don't understand half the authors give us to say."

"Oh, yes, you do! you write upon our eyes and ears more than half of all the author gains credit for—the noblest sentiments gain more from your tongue than the pen, great as it is, could ever fling upon paper—I am unworthy to be your companion!"

"Nonsense! do you really think I am like those black parrots of tragedy?—fine company I should be!—he, he!—No! we are like other women, you can court us without getting a dagger stuck into you." She then informed him that the representatives of Desdemona, Belvidera, Cordelia, and Virgin Purity in general, had all as many beaus as they could lay their hands on—that she had twenty at the present moment: that he could join that small but select band, if he chose, secure of this, that whether a fortunate or unfortunate lover, there would be companions of his fate—then suddenly interrupting her disclosures, she offered him a snuff-box, and said, drily, "D'ye snuff?"

Alexander's eye dilated with horror. She observed him, and explained, "There's no doing without it, in our business, we get so tired!" here she yawned as only actresses yawn—like one going out of the world in four pieces. "We get so tired of the whole concern; this is the real source of our inspiration," said she, taking a pinch, "or how should we ever rise to the Poet's level, and launch all those awful execrations they love so? as, for instance—Ackishoo!—God bless you!"

Alexander groaned aloud.

"Poor boy!" thought his tormentor, "how he takes it to heart."

"Why, ma'am, a fall from heaven to earth is a considerable descent."

"You look pale, my child," resumed the tormentor. "No breakfast, perhaps. I'd offer you some in a minute, but the fact is, you must forgive me; but I look to every penny; when the rainy day comes I shall be ready," and she brought both hands down upon her knees, in a way the imitated vulgarity of which would have made any one scream with laughter that had seen her game; but it was all genuine to our poor poet, and crushed him.

Having opened this vein of self-depreciation, she proceeded to work it. She poked him with one finger, and looking slyly with half-shut eye at him, she announced herself the authoress of some very curious calculations, the object of which was, to discover by comparing the week's salary with the lines in the night's performance; the exact value of poetical passages, generally supposed to be invaluable. "Listen," said she,—

"Come! come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here!"

They are just worth tenpence?"

Alexander, who had been raised by the poetry, was depressed greatly by its arithmetic.

She recommenced —

"That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry hold! hold!—Great Glamis! worthy Caw-
dor!"

Making the point on "Great Glamis," at Macbeth's entrance, not on "hold," which is done now-a-days, and is too cruel silly."

"Ah! you are yourself again," cried the poet.

"Yes; I am myself again!" was the dry answer: "those bring me in 2s. 8d. every time."

And this was the being he had adored! He had invested this creature with his own prismatic hues, and taken her for a rainbow.

Mrs. Oldfield told afterwards that she felt herself cutting his heart away from her at every sentence. "But it was to be done," she continued. "So now you know my trade, tell me, what is yours?"

"One I used to despise—an advocate."

"Ah! a little long robe; they are actors too, only bad ones; but tell me," said she, with a silly coquettish manner, borrowed from the comedy of the day, "what do you want of me? You have not followed me so perseveringly for nothing! Speak, what have you to tell me?"

Alexander blushed: he had no longer the stimulus to tell her all he had felt and hoped; he hesitated and stammered: at last he bethought him of his tragedy; so he said, "I sent you a tragedy, madam!"

"What! do they do that in Warwickshire?"

"Yes, madam! I composed it by stealth in my father's office."

Oldfield smiled.

Alexander continued, — "It is called from the heroine of the play, Berenice!"

"Berenice!" cried the actress, with a start.

Now this tragedy had pleased Mrs. Oldfield more than any manuscript she had seen these three years; but, above all, the part of "Berenice" had charmed her; it fitted her like a glove, as she poetically expressed herself; it was written in Alexander's copper-plate hand, so she had not identified it with the author of her diurnal verses.

"Berenice! is it possible?"

"A queen, madam, who, captured by the Romans—"

"What, sir! you the author of that work?" said she with sudden respect.

"Favor me with your opinion," said the sanguine poet.

Tremble, Nathan, you had only her womanly weakness to dread hitherto; but now the jade's interest is against you. Strange to say, her promise carried the day, she was true as steel to Nathan, and remorseless as steel to Alexander. She saw at once that no middle course was now tenable; so she turned on the poor poet, not without secret regret, and with a voice of ice she said, "The town is tired of Romans, my good sir, you had better go into Tartary; besides," added she, jumping at the common-places of dramatic censure, "your fable does not march, your language wants fire; let me give you a word of advice, or rather a line of advice. 'Plead, Alexander, plead, and rhyme no more!'"

She then added hastily in a very different tone and manner, "Forgive me, my poor child, you will make more money, and be more respected."

The reason of this rapid change of manner was this — when we have given dreadful pain, more pain than we calculated on, and see it, we are apt to try and qualify it with a little weak, empty, good-nature. Now at her verdict, and her witty line, Alexander had turned, literally as pale as ashes! The drop of oil she poured on the deadly wounds she had given was no comfort to him; he rose, he tried to speak to her, but his lip trembled so violently, he could not articulate; at last he gasped out, "Thank you for undeceiving me — you have taught me your own v — value; and m — mine, forgive me, the time I have made you waste, upon a d — dance." And then, in spite of all he could do, the tears forced themselves through the poor boy's eyes, and casting one look of shame and half reproach upon her, he put his hand to his brow, and went disconsolately from the room, and out of the house.

Poor fellow! she had made him ten years older, than when, ten minutes before, he entered that room, all faith and poetry, and hope, and love.

Slowly and disconsolately, he dragged his heavy steps and heavy heart home. His father followed and entered his small apartment without ceremony. Nathan found his son sitting with his eyes fixed on the ground; in a few abrupt words he told him he knew all about his amorous folly, and had come up to cure it.

"It is cured," said Alexander; "she has cured me herself."

"Then she is an honest woman," cried Nathan.

"So now, since that nonsense is over, take my arm and we will go down to Westminster."

"Yes, father."

They went to Westminster; they entered a court of law, and were so fortunate as to hear an interesting trial. Counsel for the plaintiff was just opening a crim. con. case.

The advocate dwelt upon the sacred feelings outraged by the seducer, on the irremediable gap that had been made in a house and in a human heart; the pitiable doubt that had been cast over those sacred parental affections, which were all that now remained to the bereaved husband. He painted the empty chamber, the vacant place by the hearth, and the father dagger-struck by little voices lisping, "Papa, where is mamma gone," and all that sort of thing. His speech was rich in topic and point, and as for emphasis, it was all emphasis. He concluded in this wise; "Such injuries as these can never be compensated by money; it is ridiculous to talk of money where a man has been laid desolate, and, therefore, I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you will give my unfortunate client three thousand pounds damages at the very least."

At each point the orator made, Nathan nudged Alexander, as if to say, "That is how you must do it some day."

As they returned homewards, Attorney asked Poet how he had been charmed by Mr. Either-side's eloquence.

"Eloquence," said Alexander, waking from his reverie. "I heard no eloquence."

"No eloquence! why, he worked the defendant like a man beating a carpet."

Nathan recapitulated Mr. Eitherside's points.

"Well, father," was the languid reply, "this shows me, that people who would speak about the heart, should speak from the heart. I heard something like a terrier dog barking, that is all I remember."

"A terrier dog! one of the first counsel in the land; but there, you come to your dinner. I won't be in a passion with you, if I can help, because — you'll be better after dinner."

Nathan's satisfaction at his son's sudden cure was soon damped. Alexander was not better after dinner: to be sure this might have been owing to his having eaten none; he could not eat, and never volunteered a word, only when spoken to three times, he shook himself and answered with a visible effort, and then nestled into silence again. The next and following days matters were worse. Spite of all Nathan could do to move him, he sank into a cold, listless melancholy. About five o'clock (play-time) he used to be very restless and nervous for a little while, and then relapse into stone. And now Nathan began to ask himself what the actress had done to his son during that short interview between them. He began greatly to doubt the wonderful cure, or rather to fear that the first poison had been attacked by a stronger, in the way of antidote, which had left his son in worse case than before.

Hitherto he had thought it wisest to avoid the subject, and silently expel the boy's folly by taking him and shaking him, and keeping him from thinking of it. But now one evening, as he looked at Alexander's pallid, listless countenance, his anxiety got the better of his plan, and he could not help facing the obnoxious topic.

After a vain attempt or two to interest the poet in other matters, he suddenly burst out, "What is the matter, Alexander? What has she done to you now?"

Alexander winced.

"Tell me, my boy," said Nathan, more gently.

Alexander *ecata*.

"She has deceived me. She has robbed my heart of all its wealth. Oh! I would rather have gone on believing her all that is great and good; though inaccessible to me. But to find my divinity a mean, heartless slattern. To find that I have poured all my treasures away for ever upon an unworthy object. Oh! father, I do not grieve so much that she is worthless, but that I thought her worthy. To me she was the jewel of the earth. — I know her now, for a vile counterfeit, and I have wasted my affections on this creature, and now I have none left for any worthy object; scarcely for my father. See my conduct to you all this week. Heaven forgive me — and you forgive me, sir. I feel I am no son to you. I am lost! I am lost!"

"Alexander, do 'nt be a fool," roared Nathan, "get up off your knees, or I'll kee — kee — kick you into the fi — fire!" gulped he; "that is right — that's a dear boy: now tell me what has

the poor lady done? I can't think she is such a very bad one."

"She has robbed herself and me of the tints with which I had invested her, and shown herself to me in her true colors."

"Why you must 'nt tell me she paints her face without 'tis with cold water."

"Oh, no! not that, but off the stage she is a mean, vulgar, bad woman."

"I can't think that of her, Alexander."

"Father, I have no words to tell you her vulgarity, her avarice, her stupidity — as for her beauty, it is all paint and artifice, father. I saw her this day se'night in her own house; she is vulgar, and dirty, and almost ugly."

"Oh, you deceitful young rascal, you know she is beautiful as an angel!"

"Is n't she, sir! — ah! you have only seen her on the stage —"

"I see her on the stage! What, do you tell me I go to the play-house! I never was in a play house in my life."

"Then how do you know she is beautiful? Where have you seen her, if not on the stage?"

Mr. Oldworthy senior, hesitated. He did not choose his son to know he had visited the play-actress, and enlisted her in his cause.

Alexander saw his hesitation, and misinterpreted it ludicrously.

"Ah, father," cried he, "do not be ashamed of it."

"I am not — ashamed of what?"

"Would I were worthy of all this affection!"

"What affection?"

"That you have for the unfortunate."

"I have no affection for the unfortunate, it's always their own fault."

"If you know how I honor you for this, you would not deny or be ashamed of it."

"Of what? Are we talking riddles?"

"Do not attempt to disguise what gives you a fresh title to my gratitude — it was curiosity to see my destroyer drew you thither. Ah, it must have been the day before yesterday. I remember you disappeared after dinner. Well, father," continued Alexander, with a sad, sweet, melancholy accent, "you saw her play 'Monimia,' that night, and having seen her you can forgive my infatuation."

"No! I can't forgive your infatuation, obstinate toad! that will tell me I have been to the play-house — to the devil's own shop parlor, that is."

"You have seen her — you call her beautiful, therefore it is clear you have seen her at the theatre, for at home, she is anything but beautiful or an angel."

"Alexander, you will put me in a passion; but I won't be put in a passion." So saying, the old gentleman, who was in a passion, marched slap out of the house into the moonlight and cooled himself therein.

On his return he found his son sitting in a sort of collapse by the fire, and all his endeavors to draw him from brooding over his own misery proved unavailing. The next day he was worse if possible; and when play-time had come and gone, and Nathan was in the middle of a long

law-case that he was relating for his son's amusement, Alexander, who had not spoken for hours, quietly asked Nathan what he thought about suicide, and whether it was really a crime to die when hope was dead, and life withered forever. Nathan gave a short severe answer to this query; but it troubled him.

He began to be frightened: he consulted Bateman. Bateman was equally puzzled; but at last the latter hit upon an idea. "Go to the actress again," said he; "it seems she can do anything with him. She made him love her—she made him hate her; ask her to make him to do something between the two."

"Why, you old fool!" was the civil retort, "you are as mad as he is. No! she almost bewitched me, for as old as I am; and I won't go near her again."

But Alexander got worse and worse. He drooped like a tender flower. He had lost appetite and sleep; and without them the body soon gives way.

His grief was of the imagination. But the distinction muddleheads draw between real and imaginary griefs is imaginary. Whatever robs a human unit of rest, nourishment, and life, is as real to him as anything but eternity itself is real.

The old men saw a subtle disorder creeping over the young man. It was incomprehensible to them; and after ridiculing it awhile, they began to be more frightened at it than if they had comprehended it.

At last, one morning, a new phase presented itself. A great desire for solitude consumed our poor poet. All human beings were distasteful to him, and his mind being in a diseased state, Nathan and Timothy bored him like red-hot gimlets—the truth must be told. Well, this particular morning they would not let him alone—and so he wanted just to be left in peace—and partly from nervousness, partly from irritation, partly from misery, the poet lost all self-command, and, I am sorry to say, cursed and swore and vowed he would kill himself; and called his friends his tormentors, and wept and raved and cursed the hour he was born. And at the end of this most unbecoming tirade he was for dashing out of the house, but his father caught him by the collar and whirled him back into his room, and locked him into it. Alexander fell into a chair and buried his face in his hands: presently he heard something that made him feel how selfish his grief had been. He heard a deep sigh just outside the door, and then a heavy step went down the stair.

"Father!" cried he, "Forgive me! Oh, forgive me!"

It was too late. All who give a parent pain repent; but how often it is too late.

The poor old man was gone, as unhappy as his son, and with more solid reason. He went into the street without knowing what he should do or where he should go.

It happened at this moment that Bateman's advice came into his head. He was less disposed to scout it now.

"It can do no harm," thought he, "and I am quite at a loss. She has a good heart, I think,

and at all events she seems to know how to work on him, and I don't. I'll risk it."

So, hanging his head, with no very good will, he slowly wended his way towards Mrs. Oldfield's house.

When Alexander left Mrs. Oldfield, that lady took off her vulgar cap and the old wig with which she had disguised her lovely head, and, throwing herself into a chair, laughed at the piece of comedy she had played off on our poor poet.

Her laugh, however, was not sincere; it soon died away into something more like a sigh.

The next morning there was no letter in verse, and she missed it. She had become used to them, and was vexed to think she had put an end to them. On returning from the theatre she looked from her carriage to see if he was standing as usual by the stage-door. No, he was not there; no more letters—no more Alexander. She felt sorry she had lost so genuine an admirer; and the moment the sense of his loss touched herself she began to pity him, and think what a shame it was to deceive him so.

"I could have liked him better than all the rest," said she.

But this lady's profession is one unfavorable to the growth of regrets, or of affection for any object not in sight. She had to rehearse from ten till one, then to come home, then to lay out her clothes for the theatre, then to dine, then to study, then to go to the theatre, then to dress, then to act with all the intoxications of genius, light, multitude, and applause; then to undress, sup, etc., and all this time she was constantly flattered and courted by dozens of beans and wits. Had she been capable of a deep attachment, it could not have monopolized her as Alexander's did his. However, she did thus much for our poor poet; when she found she had succeeded in banishing him she went into her tantrums, and snapped at and scratched everybody else that was kind to her. She also often invited Susan to speak of him, and after a while snubbed her and forbade the topic.

To-day, then, as Mrs. Oldfield sat studying "The Rival Queens," suddenly she heard a sob, and there was Susan, with the tears quietly and without effort streaming from her eyes, like the water running through a lock gate. Susan had just returned from a walk.

"What have you done?" whined Susan. "I have just met him, and he said to me, 'Ah, madam!' he always calls me madam, and he has lost his beautiful color—he is miserable—and I am miserable."

"Well!" snapped Anne, "and am I not miserable too! why Susan," cried she, for a glimmering of light burst on her, "surely you are not such a goose as to fancy yourself in love with my Alexander?"

"My Alexander—good! She has declined him for herself, but she will not let you have him any the more for that—other women!"

"Your Alexander! No! I am too fond of my own! here's your one's book," and Susan thrust a duodecimo towards her cousin.

"My one's book," said Mrs. Oldfield, with a mystified air.

"Yes! Robert says it belongs to the young gentleman who saved you from the Duchess's carriage; he picked it up after the battle."

Mrs. Oldfield opened the book with interest; judge her surprise when the first page discovered verses in Alexander's well-known hand: in the next page was a spirited drawing of Mrs. Oldfield as "Sophonisba;" under it was written, in gold letters, "Not one base word of Carthage on thy soul," a line the actress used to speak with such majesty and fire that the audience always burst into a round of applause. And so on, upon every page, poetry or picture. The verses were more tender than those he had sent her by letter. The book was his secret heart!

It was Alexander, then, who had saved her—his love surrounded her. And how had all his devotion been repaid? She became restless—bit her lips; the book she held became a book of mist, and she said to Susan, in bitter accents, "They had better not let the poor boy come near me again, or they will find I am a woman, in spite of my nasty blank verse and bombast. Oh! oh! oh!" and the tragedian whimpered a little, much as a housemaid whimpers; it was not at all like the "real tears" that had so affected Alexander.

On the fly-leaf of this little book was written:—"Alexander Oldworthy! Should I die—and I think I shall not live, for my love consumes me—I pray some good Christian to take this book to the great Mrs. Oldfield; it will tell her what I shall never dare to tell her: and if departed spirits are permitted to watch those they have loved, it is for her sake I shall revisit this earth, which, but for her, I should leave without regret."

"I am a miserable woman!" cried the dealer in fictitious grief, "*This is love!* I never was loved before, and mine must be the hand to stab him; they make me turn his goddess to a slut—his love to contempt: and I do it, mad woman that I am! For what? to rob myself of the solace Heaven had sent to my vacant heart—of the only real treasure the earth contains;" and she burst into a passion of tears.

At this, Susan's dried themselves; the grief of the greater mind swallowed up her puny sorrow, as the river absorbs the brook that joins it. Anne frightened her, and at last she stole from the room in dismay. Her absence, however, was short; she returned in about ten minutes, and announced a visitor.

"I will not see him!" said Mrs. Oldfield, almost fiercely, looking off the part she had begun to study.

"It is the rough gentleman!" said Susan.

"What! Alexander's father? Admit him. He is come to thank me; and well he may. Cruel wretches that we both are."

Nathan entered, but with a face so rueful, that Mrs. Oldfield saw at once gratitude had not brought him there.

"What have you done, madam?" was his first word.

"Kept my word to you like a fool," was the answer; "I hope you are come to reproach me—

it would not be complete without that!" And the Oldfield shed a few tears, which this time were half bitter vexation, half fiction.

Nathan had come with that intention, but he was now terror-struck, and afraid to do anything of the kind. He proceeded, however, in mournful tones to tell her that Alexander had fallen into a state of despondency and desperation, which had made him—the father—regret that more innocent madness he had hitherto been so anxious to cure.

"He says he will kill himself," said Nathan. "And if he does, he will kill me: poor boy! all his illusions are kicked head over heels; so he says, however."

"A good job, too!" said Mrs. Oldfield.

"How can you say a good job, when it will be a job for Bedlam."

"Bedlam!"

"Yes; he is mad!"

"What makes you think he is mad?"

"He says you are not beautiful! 'She has neither heart, grace, nor wit,' says he: in a word, he is insane. I reasoned calmly with him," continued the afflicted father. "I told him he was an idiot, but I am sorry to say, he answered my affectionate remonstrance with nonsense and curses, and a lot of words, without head or tail to them: he is mad!"

"You cruel old man!" cried Mrs. Oldfield: "have you done nothing to soothe the poor child?"

"Oh! yes!" said the cruel old man, resenting the doubt cast upon his tenderness; "I shoved him into a room, and double-locked him in; and came straight to you for advice about him, you are so clever."

"So it seems!" said she; "I have made everybody unhappy—you, Alexander, and most of all, myself." And tears began to well out of her lovely eyes.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—oh, dear!—don't you vex yourself so, my lamb."

But the lamb, *alias* crocodile, insisted upon putting her head gracefully upon Nathan's shoulder, and crying meekly awhile. On this (a man's heart being merely a lump of sugar that melts when woman's eye lets fall a drop of warm water upon it) Nathan loved her: it was intended he should.

"I would give my right arm, if you would make him love you again; at all events a little—a very little indeed. Poor Alexander, he is a fool, a scatter-brain; and, for aught I know, a versifier, but he is my son. I have but him. If he goes mad or dies, his father will lie down and die too."

"Sir!" said the actress with sudden cheerfulness, and drying her eyes with suspicious rapidity: "bring him to me; and," (patting him slyly on the arm,) "you shall see me make him love me more than ever—ten times more, if you approve, dear sir!"

"Here! he won't come: he rails at you, you are his aversion. Oh, he is mad! my son is deprived of reason: this comes of those cursed rhymes."

A pause ensued: Oldfield broke it. "I have it!" cried she; "he is an author: they are all

alike!" (What did she mean by that?) "Speak to him of 'Berenice.'"

"Whom am I to talk to him about?"

"Berenice!"

"What, is he after another woman now?"

"No — his tragedy!"

"His tragedy!"

"Ah! I forgot," said she, coolly: "you are not in the secret; he composed it, by stealth, in your office." She then seated herself at a side-table, and wrote a note with theatrical rapidity.

"Give him this," said she. Receiving no answer, she looked up a little surprised, and there was Nathan apoplectic with indignation: his two cheeks, red as beet-root, were puffed out; paternal tenderness was in abeyance; finally he exploded in — "So, this was how my brief-paper went;" and marched off impetuously, throwing down a chair.

"Where are you going?" remonstrated his companion.

"He is an author," was the reply; "he is no son of mine. I'll unlock him and kick him into the wide world."

"What, for consecrating your brief-paper to the Muse?"

"Yes; did you ever know a decent, respectable character write poetry?"

"Yes."

"No; that you never did! Who, now?"

"David! he wrote Hebrew poetry — the Psalms; and very beautiful poetry too."

Poor Nathan! he was like a bull, which in the middle of a gallant charge, receives a bullet in a vital part, and so pulls up, and looks mighty stupid for a moment ere he falls.

But Nathan did not fall; he glared reproach on Mrs. Oldfield for having said a thing, which, though it did not exactly admit of immediate confutation, was absurd as well as profane, thought he, and resolved to serve Alexander out for it; he told her as much. So, then ensued a little piece of private theatricals: Mrs. Oldfield, clasping her hands together, began to go, gracefully, down on her knees, an inch at a time, (nothing but great practice enabled her to do it,) and remind Nathan that he was a father — that his son's life was more precious than anything — that to be angry with the unhappy was cruel, — Save him! Save him!"

Poor Nathan took all this stage-business for an unpremeditated effusion of the heart; and, with a tear in his eye, raised the queen of the crocodiles, and with a hideously-amiable grin, "I'll forgive him!" said he: "to please you, I'd forgive Old Nick."

With this virtuous resolve, and equivocal compliment, he vanished from the presence-chamber and hurried towards Alexander's retreat.

Oldfield retired hastily to her bedroom, and having found "Berenice," ran hastily through it once more, and began to study a certain scene which she thought could be turned to her purpose. Having what is called a very quick study, she was soon mistress of the twenty or thirty lines. She then put on a splendid dress, appropriate (according to the ideas of the day) to an Eastern queen. That done, she gave herself to Statura, the part she was to play upon this im-

portant evening; but Susan observed a strange restlessness and emotion in her cousin.

"What is the matter, Anne?" said she.

"It is too bad of these men," was the answer.

"I ought to be all Statira to-day; and, instead of a tragedy-queen, they make me feel — like a human being! This will not do: I cannot have my fictitious feelings, in which thousands are interested, endangered for such a trifle as my real ones;" and, by a stern effort, she glued her eyes to her part, and was Statira.

Meantime Nathan had returned to Alexander; and, giving him Mrs. Oldfield's note, bade him instantly accompany him to her house.

Alexander had no sooner read the note, than the color rushed into his pale face, and his eye brightened; but, on reflection, he begged to be excused from going there. But his father, who had observed the above symptoms, which proved to him the power of this benevolent enchantress, would take no denial; so they returned together to her house. It was all very well the first part of the road; but, at sight of the house, poor Alexander was seized with a combination of feelings, that made it impossible for him to proceed.

"I feel faint, father."

"Lean on me."

"Pray excuse me — I will go back to Coventry with you — to the world's end — but don't take me to that house."

"Come along, ye soft-hearted —"

"Well, then, you must assist me, for my limbs fail me at the idea."

"Mine shall help you," — and he put an arm under his son's shoulder, and hoisted him along in an undeniable manner — and so, in a few minutes more, the attorney was to be seen half drawing, half dragging the poet into the abode of the Syren, which he had first entered (breathing fire and fury against play-actors) to drag his son out of. It was, indeed, a curious reversal of sentiments in a brace of bosoms.

"No, father! no!" — sighed Alexander, as his father pulled him into her salon.

"But I tell you it is for your tragedy," remonstrated the parchment to the paper hero. "It's business," said he reproachfully. Now 't is writ, let us sell it — to greater fools than ourselves, — if we can find them." The tone in which he uttered the last sentence, conveyed no very sanguine hope, on his part, of a purchaser.

"Why did you bring me here, dear father?" sighed the *desillusionné*. "It was here my idol descended from her pedestal. Oh, reality! you are not worth the pain of living — the toil of breathing."

"Poor boy!" thought Nathan — "he is in a bad way — the toil of breathing — well, I never! — your tragedy, lad, your tragedy," insinuated he, biting his lips not to be in a rage.

"Ah!" said Alexander, perking up, "it is the last tie that holds me to life — she says in this note that she took it for another, and that mine has merit."

"No doubt! no doubt!" said the other, humoring the absurdity — "how came the Muse (that is the wench's name, I believe) into my office?"

"She used ever to come in," began he in rapt

tones, "when you went out," he added, mightily dryly.

Alexander's next casual observation was to this effect — that once he had a soul, but that now his lyre was broken.

"That's soon mended," said his rough comforter; "well — since your *liar* is cracked!"

"I said broken, father — and for me the business of life is ended."

"Well," said the parent, whose good-humor at this crisis appears to have been inexhaustible, "since your *liar* is broken — smashed, I hope — and your business done, or near it, turn to amusement a bit, my poor lad."

Alexander looked at him, surveyed him from top to toe.

"Amusement!" winned the inconsolable one, with a ghastly chuckle — "amusement! Where can broken hearts find amusement?"

"IN THE LAW!" roared Nathan, with cheerful, hopeful, healthy tone and look. "I do," added he; then, seeing bitter incredulity on the poet, he explained, *sotto voce*, "'tisn't as if we were clients, ye fool."

"Never," shrieked Alexander.

Poor Nathan had commanded his wrath till now, but this energetic "Never," set him in a blaze.

"Never! you young scamp," shouted he, "but — but — don't put me in a passion — when I tell ye the exciseman's daughter won't have you on any other terms."

"And I won't have her, on any terms — she is a woman."

"Well, she is on the road to it — she is a girl, and a very fine one, and you are to make her a woman — and she will make a man of you, I hope."

"No more women for me," objected the poet. He then confided to an impatient parent his future plan of existence — it was simple, very simple; he purposed to live in a garret in London, hating and hated; so this brought matters to a head.

"I have been too good to you! you are mad! and, by virtue of parental authority, I seize your body, young man."

But the body had legs, and, for once, an attorney failed to effect a seizure.

He slipped under his father's arm, and getting a table between them, gave vent to his despair.

"Since you are without pity," cried he, "I am lost — farewell for ever!" and he rushed to the door, which opened at that instant.

The father uttered a deprecatory cry, which died off into a semiquaver of admiration — for, at this moment, a lady of dazzling beauty, arrayed in a glorious robe that swept the ground, crossed the poet's path, before he could reach the door, and, with a calm, but queen-like gesture, rooted him to the spot.

She uttered but one word, but that word, as she spoke it, seemed capable of stilling the waves of the sea.

"Hold!"

No louder than you and I speak, reader, but irresistibly. Such majesty and composure came from her, upon them, with this simple monosyllable. They stood spell-bound. Alexander

thought no more of flight; nor Nathan of pursuit.

At last, by one of those inspirations, that convey truth more surely than human calculation is apt to, the poet cried out, "This is herself, the other was a personation!"

"Berenice" took no notice of this exclamation. She continued, with calm majesty, —

"Listen to a queen, whose steadfast will
In chains is royal, in Rome unconquer'd still;
O'er my bowed head though waves of sorrow roll,
I still retain the empire of my soul."

Her two hearers stood spell-bound. And then did Alexander taste the greatest pleasure earth affords — to be a poet, and to love a great actress, and to hear the magic lips he loved speak his own verse. Love, taste, and vanity were all gratified at once. With what rich flesh and blood she clothed his shadowy creation; the darling of his brain was little more than a skeleton. It was reserved for the darling of his heart to complete the creation. And then his words, oh! to what a majesty and glory they took from her heavenly tongue! They were words no more — they were thunderbolts of speech, and sparks of audible soul. He wondered at himself and them.

Oldfield spoke this line,

"O'er my bowed head though waves of sorrow roll,"

with a grand, though plaintive swell, like the sea itself — it was really wonderful.

Alexander had no conception he or any man had ever written so grand a line as "O'er my bowed head, though waves of sorrow roll." He was in heaven. A moment like this is beyond the lot of earth, and compensates the smart that is apt to be in store, all in good time, for the poet that loves a great actress, that is to say, a creature with the tongue of an angel, the principles of a weasel and the passions of a fish!

"And have those lips graced words of mine?" gasped Alexander. "My verses, father!"

"His verses! no!" said Nathan, addressing the actress; "can he write like the sound of a trumpet?"

"Yes! Alexander, I like your play, particularly a scene, where this poor queen sacrifices her love to the barbarous prejudices of her captors."

"My favorite scene! my favorite scene! Father, she likes my favorite scene!"

"Gentlemen, be so good as to lend yourselves to the situation a moment — here, Susan!" In came Susan, her eye very red; she had been employed realizing that Alexander was not to be hers.

"You, sir!" continued Mrs. Oldfield, addressing Nathan, "are the Consul — the inexorable Father."

"Oh! am I?"

"Yes! you must stand there — on that flower — like a marble pillar — deaf to all my entreaties. You are about to curse your son."

"I curse my boy? Never!"

"Father, for Heaven's sake, do what she bids you."

"Dress the scene," continued she—"farther off, Susan—this is tragedy, don't huddle together as they do in farce."

"But I am in such trouble, Anne."

"Of course you are—you are Tibulla—you are jealous. You spy all our looks, catch all our words. Now, mind your business. The stage is mine. I speak to my Tiberius." She kicked her train adroitly out of the way, and flowed like a wave on a calm day towards Tiberius, who stood entranced, almost staggering under the weight of his own words, as they rolled over him:

"Obey the mandate of unfeeling Rome;
Make camps your hearth, the battlefield your
home;
Fly vain delights, fight for a glorious name,
Forget that e'er we met, and live for Fame."

(In this last line she began to falter a little.)

"Ahs! I whom lost kingdoms could not move,
Am mistress of myself no more. I love!
I love you, yet we part;—my race proscriber,
My royal hand disdain this barbarous tribe.
This diadem, that all the nations prize,
Is an unholy thing in Roman eyes."

She did not merely speak, she acted these lines. With what a world of dignity and pathos she said "my royal hand disdain," and in speaking of the "Diadem," she slowly raised both hands, one somewhat higher than the other, and pointed to her coronet, for one instant. The Pose would have been invaluable to Sculptor or Painter.

"We are in the wrong," began Nathan soothingly, for the Queen had slightly indicated him as one of "the barbarous tribe."—"A lady like you.—The Romans are fools—asses—dolts—and beasts," cried Nathan, running the four substantives into one.

"Hush! father!" cried the author reproachfully.

"And you, young maid, kill not my wounded heart;
Ah! bid me not from my Tiberius part."

(Tears seemed to choke her utterance.)

"Oh no! cousin," drawled out Susan, "sooner than you should die of grief—it is a blow, but I give him up—"

"Hold your tongue, Susan, you put me out."

"Now it is too melting," whined Nathan, "leave off—there, do ye leave off,—it is too melting."

"Isn't it?" said Alexander, *rayonnant*, "Go on! go on! You whose dry eye,—you whose dry eye, Mrs. Oldfield."

Mrs. Oldfield turned full on Nathan, and sinking her voice into a deeper key, she drove the following lines, slowly and surely, through and through his poor, unresisting, buttery heart:—

"You whose dry eye looks down on all our tears,
Pity yourself,—ah! for yourself have fears.

Alone upon the earth, some bitter day,
You'll call your son your trembling steps to stay.

Old man! regret, remorse, will come too late;
In vain you'll pity then our sad, sad fate."

"But, my good sir, you don't bear me out by your dumb play,—you are to be the unrelenting sire—"

"Now, how ca-ca-ca-can I, when you make me blubber?" gulped out he "whose dry eye," etc.

"And me!" whined Susan.

"Aha!" cried Alexander, with a hilarious shout, "I've made them cry with my verses!"

A smile, an arch smile wreathed the Tragic Queen's countenance.

Alexander caught it, and not being yet come to his full conceit, pulled himself up short: "No," cried he, "no! it was you who conquered them with my weak weapon; you, whose face is spirit, and whose voice is music. Enchantress,"—

Now, Alexander, who was gracefully inclining towards the charmer, received a sudden push from the excited Nathan, and fell plump on his knees.

"Speak again," cried he, "for you are my queen. I love you. What is to be my fate?"

"Alexander," said Anne, fluttering as she had never fluttered before: "you have so many titles to my esteem. Oh! no, that won't do. See, sir, he does it almost as well as I do.

"Live, for I love you;
My life is his who saved that life from harm;
This pledge attests the valor of your arm. Here, look!

And she returned him his pocket-book.

"His pocket-book!" said Nathan, his eyes glazed with wonder. "Why, how did his tragedy come in his pocket-book; I mean, his pocket-book in his tragedy; which is the true part, and which is the lie? Oh! dear, the dog has made his father cry, and now I have begun, I don't like to leave off somehow." Then, before his several queries could be answered, he continued, "So, this is Play Acting, and it's a sin! Well, then, I like it." And he dried his eyes, and cast a look of brilliant satisfaction on all the company.

He was then silent, but Alexander saw him the next minute making signals to him to put more fire and determination into his amorous proposals.

Before he could execute these instructions, a clock on the chimneypiece struck three.

The actress started, and literally bundled father and son out of the house, for in those days plays began at five o'clock.

Mrs. Oldfield, however, invited them to sup with her, conditionally; if she was not defeated in "The Rival Queens." "If I am," said she, "it will be your interest to keep out of my way; for, of course, I shall attribute it to the interruptions and distractions of this morning."

She said this with an arch, and, at the same time, rather wicked look, and Alexander's face burned in a moment.

"Oh," cried he, "I should be miserable for life."

"Should you?" said Anne.

"You know I must."

"Well then," (and a single gleam of lightning shot from her eyes) "I must not be defeated."

At five o'clock, the theatre was packed to the ceiling, and the curtain rose upon "The Rival Queens," about which play much nonsense has been talked. It is true, there is bombast in it, and one or two speeches that smack of Bedlam; but there is not more bombast than in other plays of the epoch, and there is ten times as much fire. The play has also some excellent turns of language and some great strokes of nature, in particular the representation of two different natures agitated to the utmost by the same passion, jealousy, is full of genius.

"The Rival Queens" is a play for the stage, not the closet. Its author was a great reader, and the actors who had the benefit of his reading charmed the public in all the parts, but in process of time actors arose who had not that advantage, and "Alexander the Great" became too much for them. They could not carry off his smoke, or burn with his fire. The female characters, however, retained their popularity for many years after the death of the author, and of Betterton, the first "Alexander." They are the two most equal female characters that exist in tragedy. Slight preference is commonly given by actors to the part of "Roxana," but when Mrs. Bracegirdle selected that part, Mrs. Oldfield took "Statira," with perfect complacency.

The theatre was full—the audience in an unusual state of excitement.

The early part of the first act received but little attention. At length, Statira gilded on the scene. She was greeted with considerable applause; in answer to which, she did not duck and grin, according to rule, but sweeping a rapid, yet dignified courtesy, she barely indicated her acknowledgments, remaining Statira.

"Give me a knife, a draught of poison, flames! Swell, heart! break, break, thou stubborn thing!"

Her predecessors had always been violent in this scene. Mrs. Oldfield made distress its prominent sentiment. The critics thought her too quiet, but she stole upon the hearts of the audience, and enlisted their sympathy on her side before the close of the act.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, who stood at the wing during the scene, turned round to her toady, and said, shrugging her shoulders, "Oh, if that is all the lady can do!"

In the third act Mrs. Bracegirdle made her *entrée* with great spirit, speaking, as she came on, the line—

"O, you have ruined me! I shall be mad!"

She was received with great applause, on which she instantly dropped Roxana, and became

Mrs. B., all wreathed in smiles; the applause being ended, she returned to Roxana as quickly as it is possible to do after such a deviation. She played the scene with immense spirit and fire, and the applause was much greater than Statira had obtained in the first act.

Applause is the actor's test of success.

The two queens now came into collision, and their dialogue is so dramatic that I hope I may be excused for quoting it, with all its faults.

Roxana. Madam, I hope you will a queen forgive:

Roxana weeps to see Statira grieve;
How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the world for Alexander's sake!
Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly die,
And yield the king to one so mean as I;
'Tis a revenge will make the victor smart,
And much I fear your death will break his heart.

Statira. You counterfeit, I fear, and know too well

How much your eyes all beauties else excel:
Roxana, who though not a princess born,
In chains could make the mighty victor mourn.

Forgetting power when wine had made him warm,

And senseless, yet even then you know to charm:
Preserve him by those arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I love bewail.

Roxana. I hope your majesty will give me leave

To wait you to the grove, where you would grieve;
Where, like the turtle, you the loss will moan
Of that dear mate, and murmur all alone.

Statira. No, proud triumpher o'er my falling state,

Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my fate;
Go to the conquest which your wiles may boast,
And tell the world you left Statira lost.

Go seize my faithless Alexander's hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my command;
Grasp his lov'd neck, die on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me whose love can't be express'd,
He must be happy, and you more than blest;
While I in darkness hide me from the day,
That with my mind I may his form survey,
And think so long, till I think life away.

Roxana. No, sickly virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy love's loss bemoan,
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run;
That were to make thee blest as I can be;
But thy no-thought I must, I will decree;
As thus, I'll torture thee till thou art mad.
And then no thought to purpose can be had.

Statira. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind!

We shriek at thunder, dread the rustling wind,
And blit'ring swords, the brightest eyes will blind;

Yet when strong jealousy inflames the soul,
The weak will roar, and calms to tempests roll.
Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far;
My blood may boil, and blushes show a war.

Roxana. When you retire to your romantic cell,

I'll make thy solitary mansion hell!
Thou shalt not rest by day, nor sleep by night,
But still Roxana shall thy spirit fright;
Wanton in dreams if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
Thy roving ghost may think to steal a kiss;
But when to his sought bed thy wand'ring air
Shall for the happiness it wished repair,
How will it groan to find thy rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look when thou shalt see,

Through the drawn curtains that great man and me,
Wearied with laughing joys shot to the soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and howl!

Statira. O barb'rous rage! my tears I cannot keep,
But my full eyes in spite of me will weep.

Roxana. The king and I in various pictures drawn.

Clasping each other, shaded o'er with lawn,
Shall be the daily presents I will send,
To help thy sorrow to her journey's end:
And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
My Alexander, my dear love, and I,
Will come and hasten on thy ling'ring fates,
And smile and kiss thy soul out through the grates.

Statira. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou hast waked a rage,

Whose boiling now no temper can assuage;
I meet thy tides of jealousy with more,
Dare thee to duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.

Roxana. What would you dare?

Statira. Whatever you dare do,
My warring thoughts the bloodiest tracts pursue;
I am by love a fury made, like you;
Kill or be killed, thus acted by despair.

Roxana. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare!

Statira. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.

Roxana. I tow'r indeed o'er thee;
Like a fair wood, the shade of kings I stand,
While thou, sick weed, dost but infest the land.

Statira. No, like an ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy sapless trunk of all its pride confound,
Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the ground.
What Sysgambis' threats, objected fears,
My sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
Could not effect, thy rival rage has done;
My soul, whose start at breach of oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruin violated run.
I'll see the king in spite of all I swore,
Tho' curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

In this female duel *Statira* appeared to great advantage. She exhibited the more feminine character of the two. The marked variety of sentiment she threw into each speech, contrasted favorably with the other's somewhat vixenish monotony; and every now and then she gave out volcanic flashes of great power, all the more effective for the artful reserve she had hitherto made of her physical resources. The effect was electrical when she, the tender woman, suddenly wheeled upon her opponent with the words "Rival, take heed," etc. And now came the climax; now it was that Mrs. Bracegirdle paid for her temporary success. She had gone to the end of her tether long ago, but her antagonist had been working on the great principle of Art—Climax. She now put forth the strength she had economized; at each speech she rose and swelled higher, and higher, and higher. Her frame dilated, her voice thundered, her eyes lightened, and she swept the audience with her in the hurricane of her passion. There was a moment's dead silence, and then the whole theatre burst into acclamations which were renewed again and again ere the play was suffered to proceed. At the close of the scene *Statira* had overwhelmed *Roxana*; and, as here she had electrified the au-

dience, so in the concluding passage of the play she melted them to tears—the piteous anguish of her regret at being separated by death from her lover.

"What, must I lose my life, my lord, for ever?"

And then her pitying tenderness for his sorrow; and then her prayer to him to live; and last, that exquisite touch of woman's love, more angelic than man's—

—"Spare *Roxana*'s life;
'Twas love of you that caused her give me death;"

and her death with no thought but love, love, love upon her lips; all this was rendered so tenderly and so divinely, that no heart was untouched, and few eyes were dry now in the crowded theatre. *Statira* died; the other figures remained upon the stage, but to the spectators the play was over; and when the curtain fell there was but one cry, "Oldfield!" "Oldfield!"

In those days people conceived opinions of their own in matters dramatic, and expressed them then and there. *Roma locuta est*, and Nance Oldfield walked into her dressing room the queen of the English stage.

Two figures in the pit had watched this singular battle with thrilling interest. Alexander sympathized alternately with the actress as well as the queen. Nathan, to tell the truth, after hanging his head most sheepishly for the first five minutes, yielded wholly to the illusion of the stage, and was "transported out of this ignorant present" altogether; to him *Roxana* and *Statira* were *bond fide* queens, women, and rivals. The Oldworthys were seated in Critic's Row; and after a while Nathan's enthusiasm and excitement disturbed old gentlemen who came to judge two actresses, not to drink poetry all alive O.

His neighbors proposed to eject Nathan; the said Nathan on this gave them a catalogue of actions, any one of which, he said, would reëstablish his constitutional rights and give him his remedy in the shape of damages; he wound up with letting them know he was an attorney-at-law. On this they abandoned the idea of meddling with him as hastily as boys drop the baked half-pence in a scramble provided by their philanthropical seniors. So now Mrs. Oldfield was queen of the stage, and Alexander had access to her as her admirer, and Nathan had a long private talk with her, and then with some misgivings went down to Coventry.

A story ought to end with a marriage: ought it not? Well, this one does not, because there are reasons that compel the author to tell the truth. The poet did not marry the actress and beget tragedies, and comedies. Love does not always end in marriage, even behind the scenes of a theatre. But it led to a result, the value of which my old readers know, and my young ones will learn—it led to a very tender and life-long friendship. And, oh! how few out of the great aggregate of love affairs lead to so high, or so good, or so affectionate a permanency as is a tender friendship.

One afternoon Mrs. Oldfield wrote rather a long letter thus addressed in the fashion of the day —

To Mr. Nathan Oldworthy,
Attorney-at-Law,
In the Town of Coventry,
At his house there in the Market street.
This, with all despatch.

Nathan read it, and said "God forgive me for thinking ill of any people, because of their business," and his eyes filled.

The letter described to Nathan an interview the actress had with Alexander. That interview (several months after our tale), was a long, and at some moments, a distressing one especially to poor Alexander; but it had been long meditated, and was firmly carried out; in that interview this generous woman conferred one of the greatest benefactions on Alexander one human being can hope to confer on another. She persuaded a Dramatic Author to turn Attorney. He was very reluctant then; and very grateful afterwards. These two were never to one another as though all had never been. They were friends as long as they were on earth together. This was not so very long. Alexander lived to eighty-six; but the great Oldfield died at forty-seven. Whilst she lived she always consulted her Alexander in all difficulties. One day she sent for him; and he came sadly to her bed-side; it was to make her will. He was sadder than she was. She died. She lay in state like a Royal Queen; and noblemen and gentlemen vied to hold her pall as they took her to the home she had earned in Westminster Abbey. Alexander, faithful to the last, carried out all her last requests: and he tried, poor soul, to rescue her Fame from the cruel fate that awaits the great artists of the scene,—oblivion. He wrote her epitaph. It is first-rate of its kind; and prime Latin for once in a way:—

Hic juxta requiescit
Tot inter Poetarum laudata nomina
ANNA OLDFIELD.
Nec ipsa minore laude digna.
Nunquam ingenium idem ad partes
diversissimas nobilium fuit.
Ita tamen ut ad singulas

non facta sed nata esse videretur.

In Tragediis
Formæ splendor, oris dignitas, incessus majestas,
Tanta vocis suavitæ temperabantur
Ut nemo esset tam agrestis tam durus spectator.
Quin in admirationem totus raperetur.
In Comœdia autem
Tanta vis, tam venusta hilaritas,
Tam curiosa felicitas,
Ut neque sufficerent spectando oculi,
Neque plaudendo manus.

There, brother, I have done what I can for your sweetheart, and I have reprinted your Epitaph, after one hundred years.

But neither you nor I, nor all our pens can fight against the laws that rule the Arts. Each of the great Arts fails in some thing, is unapproachably great in others (of that anon). The great Artists of the Scene are paid in cash; they cannot draw bills at fifty years' date.

They are meteors that blaze in the world's eye—and vanish.

We are farthing candles that cast a gleam all around four yards square, for hours and hours.

Alexander lived a life of business, honest, honorable, and graceful too; for the true poetic feeling is ineradicable; it colors a man's life—is not colored by it. And when he had reached a great old age, it befel that Alexander's sight grew dim, and his spirit was weary of the great city, and his memory grew weak, and he forgot parchments, and dates, and reports, and he began to remember as though it was yesterday—the pleasant fields, where he had played among the lambs and the buttercups in the morning of his days. And the old man said calmly, "Vixi!" Therefore now I will go down, and see once more those pleasant fields; and I will sit in the sun a little while; and then I will lie beside my father in the old Church-yard. And he did so. It is near a hundred years ago now.

So Anne Oldfield sleeps in Westminster Abbey, near the poets whose thoughts took treble glory from her, while she adorned the world. And Alexander Oldworthy lies humbly beneath the shadow of the great old lofty spire in the town of Coventry.

Requiescant in pace!

"And all Christian souls, I pray Heaven."

From The Spectator, 31 Dec.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

WERE it possible to bound our view of the past year by the sea that separates us from the rest of Europe and the world, our political retrospect would supply but little cause for regret, and we could look forward to the opening year with unclouded cheerfulness and hope. Such a limitation is at all times impossible for England, and is especially so now, that the dispute between Russia and Turkey threatens the peace of Europe with the most formidable rupture it has experienced since the battle of Waterloo. But into the prospect opened by this collision between two semi-barbarous powers we have not now to

glance, or to conjecture what the close of 1854 may have brought to pass. Even on what has been done by our own Government we have at present but very inadequate means for pronouncing judgment. But we may conclude from Lord Palmerston's return to office, that on this Eastern question, as on those more immediately concerning home politics, the counsels of the Coalition Ministry are harmonious. One indiscretion must certainly be debited to the Government, and that is their assent to the first Vienna note. What led them into such an evident error it is yet impossible to know, and idle to anticipate knowledge by conjecture. But whatever judgment may hereafter be passed upon their ability and firmness in conducting negotiations

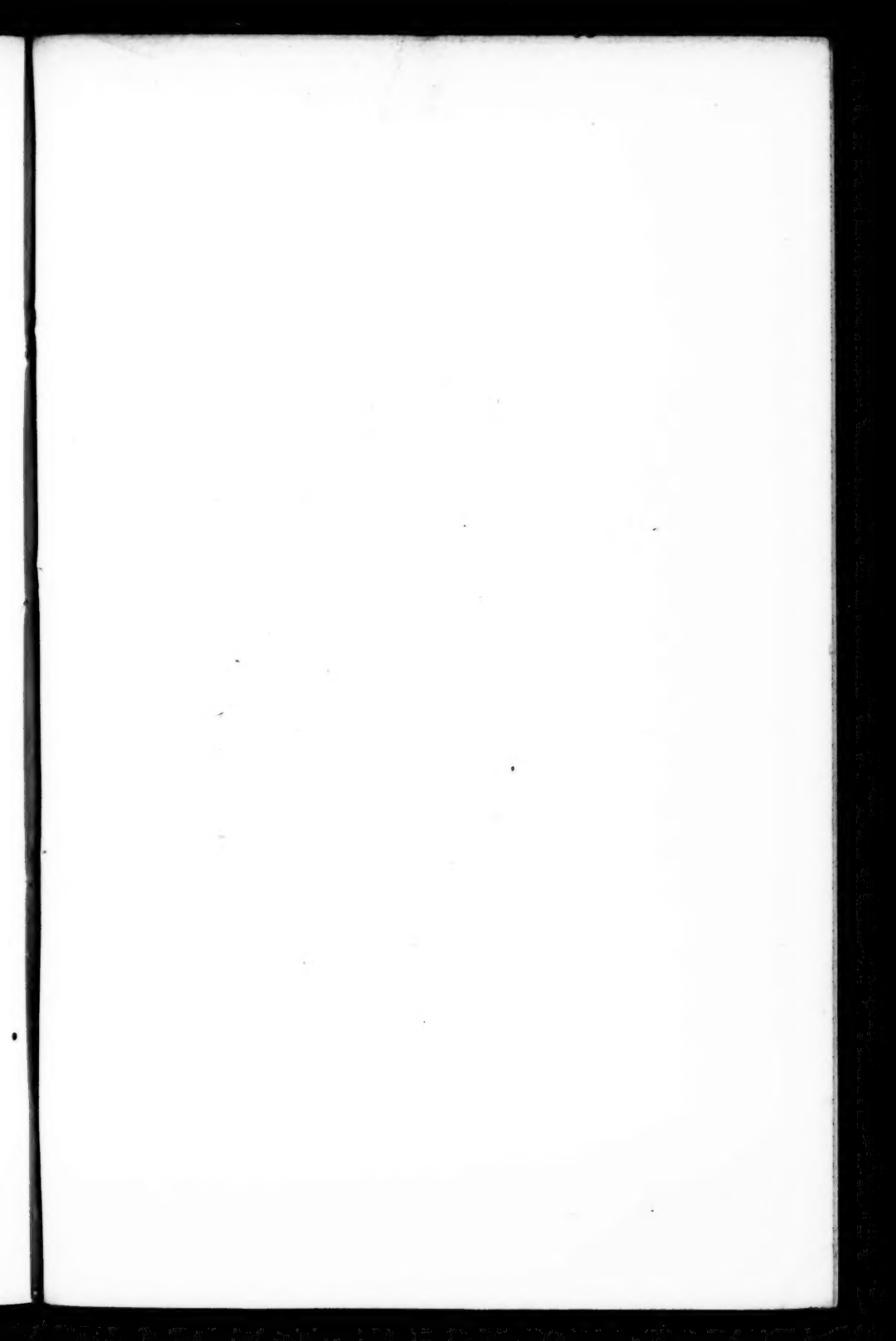
through more than eight months, we may at least congratulate ourselves that these negotiations have been directed by the ablest statesmen England possesses, and that if after eight-and-thirty years a terrible war is again to break out, at least our Government has used its utmost efforts to prevent so great a disaster, so that the responsibility of all that may follow rests not upon our heads, but upon the one man whose arrogance, insincerity, and ambition, are opposing themselves to the public law and public opinion of the civilized world. And we may further consider that nothing short of the patience exhibited by the Governments of France and England would have sufficed to display in its true light the dangerous and perfidious policy of the Emperor Nicholas, or to call forth in both countries that strong feeling of indignation and resentment, which, if war is to take place, insure to the Governments of both countries hearty support and sympathy. It yet remains to be seen whether that patience has not been carried even beyond the limits of national honor and interest. But we are fully alive to the responsibility of a Government, and its laudable dread of being urged by popular feeling into a war, the burdens of which will tend to arrest improvement, and the issues of which are on many accounts uncertain. One thing this otherwise untoward event has brought about, which would compensate for much evil and anxiety—that the French and English nations are acting together with a cordiality which will do more than a century's harangues to blot out the remembrance of ancient enmity. How it reproves rash judgments, to find the man whose accession to the Imperial throne of France was looked upon as fraught with menace to our shores, united to us within a twelvemonth, by ties apparently firmer and more sincere than have ever bound to us those miserable Bourbons, whose gratitude it seems as impossible to awaken as it is to bind their honor or shame them of their selfishness! Louis Napoleon, criminal as we think certain acts of his life to have been, is neither fool nor coward, however the necessities of his situation may urge him into courses that must swell a heavy account, to be one day settled. If principle forbade us to be silent on his crimes—if principle and prudence combine to warn us against placing an unvigilant reliance upon the man who, for his personal ambition, fomented the civil discords of a great country, and whose hand, red with the slaughter of unresisting citizens in the streets of their capital, has strained its iron nerves in repressing that freedom of speech and movement of intellect we prize as the richest inheritance of modern life—at least he is as well entitled to the courtesy and goodwill of the English Sovereign and the English nation, as those other royal personages of Europe whose lives have been passed in crimes worse than his, because without his excuse: for had he succeeded to an hereditary throne, he has too much capacity, too much tact, too much governing faculty, to have found crimes necessary to maintain his position—too much grandeur of imagination to have sunk into a despot when he might have been the leader of a free and gallant people. In our eyes, Russia is to Europe now

what Mohammedanism was four centuries since—the godless infidel power, the power recognizing neither right nor wrong, incarnate brute force, terrible but hateful. Whoever will help us to resist this, whether it be Mazzini or Louis Napoleon, shall be welcome to our side. We shall so far, at all events, be fighting together for truth and freedom and civilization—for all that makes life desirable and man godlike, against all that makes life a desert and a prison, and man savage, degraded, and miserable. This seems to be the contest that 1854 will see begun: what year will see it ended?

WINDOW-GARDENING.—There are a few golden rules to be observed during winter, of which may be enumerated the following:—Water all plants that require it in the morning; leave no water in the saucer of any plant after the whole has become saturated through; never water by dribs, but give the whole a good soaking, or the consequence often is, that the top of the mould is wetted, while the lower, containing the roots, is dust; sponge over the foliage as often as it becomes dusty; take a pointed stick, and, once in a while, stir the surface of the soil, but not deep enough to disturb the roots; this acts the same part as hoeing in summer, and tends vastly to the health of the plants. Give each plant space enough for air to circulate around it, if possible; let it have the benefit of a little pure fresh air, at times.—*Country Gentleman.*

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.—Statesmen and Judges, if they give their grave hours to the cares of State and quibbles of law, exhibit a growing disposition to reward themselves for the sacrifice by a secret devotion to the Muses. An announcement from Berlin informs us that William von Humboldt has left behind him a collection of Sonnets—352 in number,—dictated by the deceased philosopher and minister at Tejel. They are just out of the press. How Fox yearned to give up politics and devote his last years to literature is well known. Lord Holland sought the shady walks of letters. Mr. Macaulay tells us in a book just published,—his "Collected and Revised Speeches,"—that his "History" is henceforth "the pleasure and the business of his life." Lord Brougham is said to be giving up the last years of a most active life to writings of various kinds; and we are given to understand that one of the most eminent of living Judges has composed a number of Sonnets, which, after the example of William von Humboldt, he designs to have published after events have put it out of the power of the literary critic to beard the Judge in his ermine. Of these last-named works, we may add that literary rumor speaks in highest praise.

A nephew of Robert Burns is a Free Church minister at Dunedin, in New Zealand.





Painted by W. J. Hewson.

Eng^d by R. Goper.

LADY BYRON.

